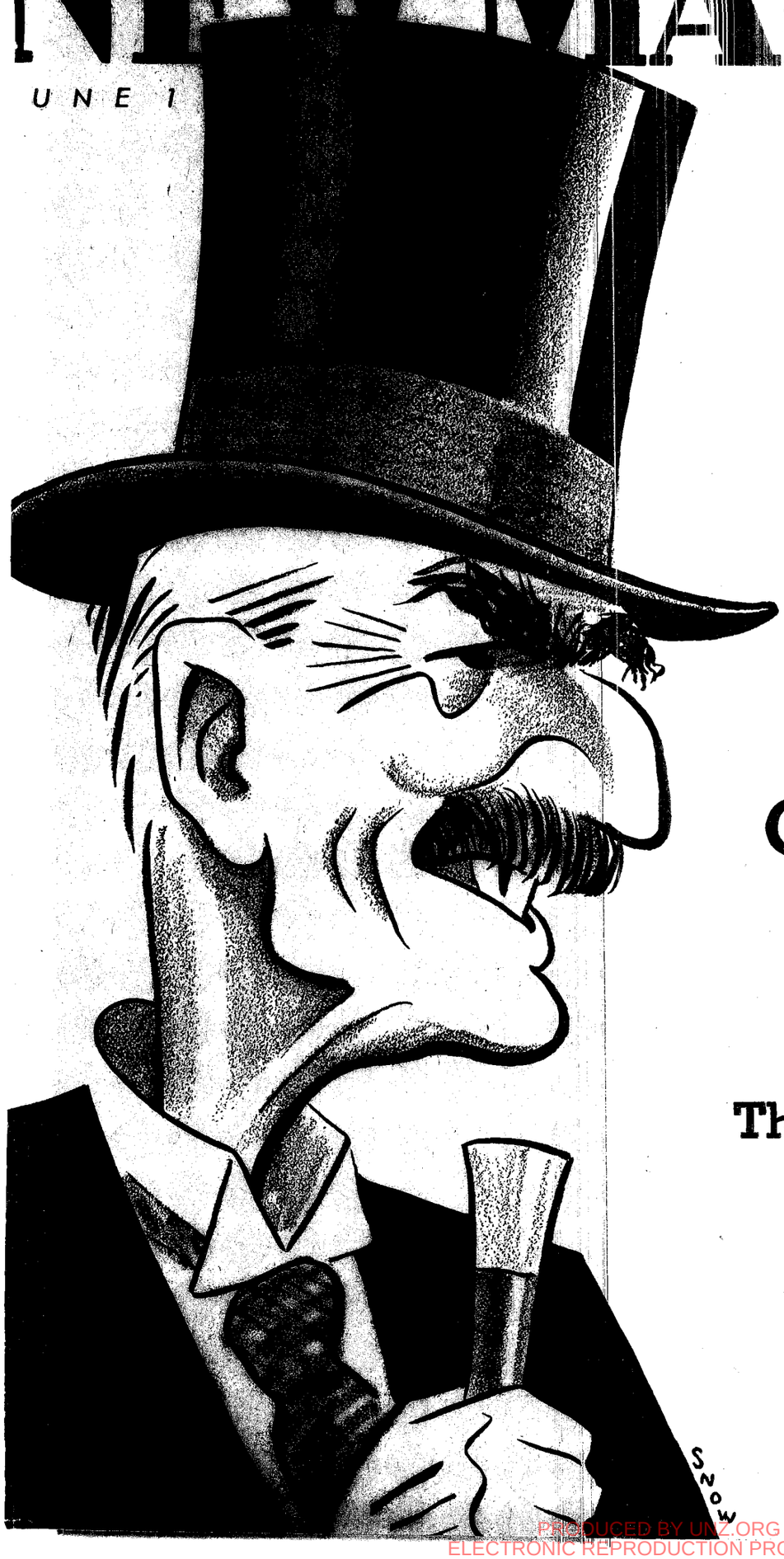
C.I.O. By Bruce Minton and John Stuart

NEW MASSES

JUNE 1

FIFTEEN CENTS



HAROLD J. LASKI

on Britain's New Prime Minister

Neville Chamberlain

The Coming Struggle in Steel

By Adam Lapin

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

EXCEPT for a few skirmishes on isolated fronts, the great poetry vs. propaganda battle is about over, and poets can now write from a social conscience without being accused on every hand of betraying the artistic one. America, in short, has a revolutionary poetry.

When, only a few years back, that poetry was striving for recognition in the bourgeois world, the NEW MASSES led the struggle; and we propose to continue our leadership into the new period. What the characteristics of this new period will be, we cannot say, of course; all we can do is to open our pages freely to poetry and critical discussion; to recognize that revolutionary verse, as it comes to maturity, has new responsibilities, and thus to insist on certain standards of sincerity, originality, and craftsmanship.

In our attempt to stimulate the new American poetry, we have been fortunate enough to secure Horace Gregory as special editor, beginning with the issue of June 8. Mr. Gregory has not only written some of the best verse of our time, but he has edited a number of provocative anthologies and fostered a great many new talents. His scholarship, insight, and integrity, his wide knowledge of American and foreign verse, will appear in his choice of poetry for NEW MASSES, both the poems to be published individually from week to week and the special full pages of verse to be printed at frequent intervals. In these special pages, Mr. Gregory will make an effort to extend our poetic horizon. The work of young and unknown Americans will be sought out. Foreign verse will appear in careful translations. New English poets will be added to the famous Auden-Spender-Lewis triumvirate. Unhonored revolutionary or social poets of the past will be rediscovered. And occasionally we shall present the work of contemporaries who are not yet definitely left-wing in their sympathies.

Three weeks ago we reported that Joan Crawford had got a note from us —forwarding to her a letter sent her in our care from the bluejackets of the Spanish loyalist fleet, who were sending her a cap-ribbon and thanks for her aid to Spanish democracy. This week we got a letter from Joan Crawford, enclosing the letter she received from the men of the loyalist fleet, and saying we might publish it. In sending it to us, Miss Crawford wrote: "Please return the letter to me. . . . I'm rather proud of it." We print part of the sailors' letter to Miss Crawford in the Readers' Forum of this issue.

And as to that burning question, read this letter:

"I have just finished reading the letter from F. G. L. in the May 25 issue of the NEW MASSES.

"I am not a worker, but I am with him. I confess that I live off the sweat and toil of others. Not only do I draw the material means for living from the proletariat, but also the spiritual interest for sustaining life.

"Somehow, Mr. Lippert's letter touched the spot. Why appeal? Why not *demand* of people of my class, who read the NEW MASSES and who, without doubt, draw the juice of spiritual revival and youth from its pages, that they help carry the burden and pay at least for the salary of one editor for one month yearly?

"What comparison is one hundred dollars per year to a man who has an income of $5,000 with the sacrifices of one of our boys who actually risk their lives in Spain? Why should several thousand American comrades in Spain be willing to give their lives for my ideals and I, who claim I am with them 100 percent, pay only fifteen cents for a copy of NEW MASSES which costs twice as much to produce?

"Make an appeal? No! *Demand* that people of my class, who get things worth while only from our movement, contribute to it yearly a sum of fifty dollars or one hundred dollars — so that you may carry on. Mr. Lippert's letter made me feel like a parasite, sucking in all the good that is in the movement and giving nothing in return.

"Here is a hundred bucks and you may put me down as a sustaining member, good for that amount every year as long as you continue to present the struggle for a better world as you do now and as long as you will do the fighting for my ideals.

"I am enclosing a list of four other friends who can contribute fifty dollars or a hundred dollars yearly.

"ELY DENNIZON."

The time for the wind-up of our $15,000 fund drive (the $5000 mark has been only barely cleared!) is drawing near. Are we going to fall short of our quota? That's up to you! Have you arranged a party for the benefit of the NEW MASSES? Have you told everyone you know about the $100 lifetime and $25 ten-year subscription we're offering in connection with the drive? Have you done your bit till it hurts? (We haven't heard from the West Coast, for example. Let's hear from you, Pacific Seaboarders!) We want to be able to keep on improving *your* magazine. Do you want us to? Well . . .

What's What

TWO swell articles next week: one by Sir Stafford Cripps, leading left-wing Labor member of Parliament, on the unity campaign in the British labor movement. Sir Stafford is one of the members of the Socialist League threatened with expulsion (along with Harold J. Laski and others) by the leadership of the Labor Party unless they withdraw from the Unity Committee by June 1. Another by Leo Huberman, author of *Man's Worldly Goods*, on labor spying in America. Mr. Huberman's sensational revelations will be contained in a series of articles which will start in next week's issue.

Who's Who

HAROLD J. LASKI, who made his NEW MASSES debut some weeks back with his article on the people's front in Great Britain, is professor of political science at the London School of Economics and author of *The State in Theory and Practice* and other works. . . . Adam Lapin is a labor journalist who has been haunting the steel towns for some months past. He is a contributor to the *Daily Worker* and other periodicals. . . . Dale Kramer, who has written for us before, is editor of the *National Farm Holiday News*. . . . W. C. Kelly's barbed observations have graced our pages on previous occasions. His piece during the presidential campaign, "Landon Comes Out for Rain," caused considerable comment. . . . As previously noted, the biographical study of William Green by Bruce Minton and John Stuart which is concluded in this issue is an abridgment of a longer biography which, with similar studies of nine other American labor leaders, will appear as a volume shortly under the imprint of Modern Age Books. . . . Henry Hart, critic, novelist, and member of the editorial staff of the Book Union, recently returned from Spain. . . . Groff Conklin was editor of the recently published *New Republic Anthology*. . . . David Wolff has contributed poetry and criticism to *Symposium, Partisan Review, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, and other publications. . . . Newton Arvin, author of a life of Hawthorne and other studies in American literature, is now working on a book about Whitman. . . . Dinsmore Wheeler, a graduate of Harvard, now lives in Ohio, and has contributed a column of liberal political comment to the *Milan (O.) Ledger*. He is gathering material for a social history of that region. . . . Granville Hicks, who writes a monthly page of literary comment for the NEW MASSES, is preparing a critical study of recent English literature. . . . Albert Brown is an expert on the Far East.

Flashbacks

"PARTY! Party! How can anyone reject it? Party, the mother of all victory! How can a poet slander such a word?" asked Georg Herwegh, Socialist and libertarian poet, born in the city of Stuttgart, Germany, May 31, 1817. . . . "The manufacturers of Pawtucket [R. I.] considerably reduced the wages of the men in their employment, and in consequence the latter resolved to abandon their work. It appears that not only the men but the women also refused to submit to this reduction. A meeting was held, and in the evening last week [Wed., May 28, 1824] there was a tumultuous turnout of the workmen and others who visited the houses of manufacturers, shouting and uttering insulting language. These [the manufacturers] will perhaps find it a more serious matter to counteract the opposition of the women than if they only had men to deal with." Thus read the New York *Evening Post*, a few days after the first strike in America in which women and men joined together.

THIS WEEK

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NEW MASSES
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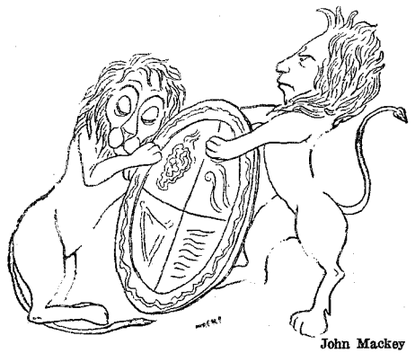

John Mackey

Britain's New Prime Minister

The shift from Baldwin to Neville Chamberlain is seen as likely to unmask Tory class rule and so aid the Laborites

By Harold J. Laski

MR. BALDWIN'S resignation will alter little in British politics. Reaction will appear less kindly and less gracious, but it will still be Reaction. A middle-of-the-road conservative will give place to a diehard, but essential conservatism will still be enthroned in office. The policy will not be altered in essentials. It will merely display its lineaments more clearly.

Mr. Baldwin's disappearance is, nevertheless, a real loss to British conservatism. He has been a leader of very great gifts. He had the art of the great gesture. He never failed to rise to the big occasion. He had the skill to appear at his best when he was in the most difficult situation. He knew, as few have known, how to put policies of which the consequence was necessarily reaction, with an air that gave them the appearance of liberalism.

He spoke always with the accent of generosity. He never seemed obstinate, or hard, or unyielding. He used the pose of the simple amateur, in a game in which he was, in fact, a superb professional, with remarkable adroitness. His was the art which conceals great art.

The nation found in him a man who satisfied a mood of indecision. Yet, in his years of power, the record is, from a socialist standpoint, a grim record. In foreign policy, the defeat of disarmament; the virtual erosion of the League of Nations; the advance of Japan in the east, of Italy in Africa, of Germany in central Europe; a policy in Spain of which the effective result has been the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain to General Franco. In domestic affairs, the first legislation for over a century and a quarter against the trade unions; the incitement to disaffection act; the militarization of the police; the means test for the unemployed; the abandonment of free trade; the advance, symbolized by the Ottawa conference, of the ideal of a closed imperialism; a general lowering of the standard of life. Great Britain, in the fifteen years since Mr. Baldwin took over the leadership of the Conservative Party, has seen, in addition, repression in India on a scale more gigantic than anything known since the Indian Mutiny. There has been a constant slowing down of social reform. There has been no attempt, in any important sphere of social life, at thorough-going reconstruction. The whole record has looked rather to the consolidation of the past than to the needs of the future. If the forms of political democracy have been preserved, it is because, under them, the victory of capitalism has been so complete.

Of that victory, Mr. Baldwin has been throughout the effective symbol. The artistry with which he has accomplished it has been shown, supremely, on three occasions. He emerged the victor in the general strike of 1926; he emerged the victor in the financial crisis of 1931; he emerged the victor in the abdication of 1936. On each occasion, the stage-management was superb. On each occasion, a party victory was made to appear as a national victory; so subtly that the vanquished themselves were not wholly unhappy in their defeat. The means has been the famous maxim, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*. It has been done with the accent of elegance, the tone of moderation. There has never been bitterness. There has always been the appeal for coöperation. Every step backwards has been managed with charm and dexterity; it has almost worn an air of progressive rationalism. Mr. Baldwin has made himself a legend so widely accepted, so universally recognized, that even his opponents have fallen under its spell. Not since Disraeli have the forces of conservatism been deployed with a brilliance so remarkable. Regarded objectively, the debt of his party to Mr. Baldwin is an immeasurable one. He has kept the initiative in its hands at one of the most critical periods of English history. And he has so kept it that neither the underlying motivation nor the historic result of the policy has ever been clearly revealed to the man in the street. All the obvious rules of the game appear to have been observed. That every privilege has been strengthened, that every weakness has been covered, few even of his opponents have seen. Even where they criticize, it is upon his colleagues that the blame has rested. For foreign policy, blame Simon or Eden; for Indian policy blame Sir Samuel Hoare; for the treatment of the unemployed blame the long succession of second-rate ministers at the Department of Labor. Mr. Baldwin has always seemed at least half above the battle; his socialist opponents have mostly treated him on that assumption. But all the major Tory strategy of the last fifteen years has been his. His party has no asset even remotely comparable to the legend he has made of his part in the national life.

Whatever is to be said against Mr. Baldwin, there is nothing common-place about him; only a great artist could have painted his self-portrait of a good man battling with adversity.

Mr. Chamberlain is a very different figure. A post-war entrant into politics, he represents the city mind in all its fullness and vigor. Cold, hard, obstinate, unyielding, he wins no

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affection. His approach to every problem is the business man's approach. He has precision, the office man's efficiency, a real power of mastering detail. But he has neither imagination nor generosity. He is never aware that his opponent has a case. He has all the habits of the historic bourgeois. He is unaware of the assumptions upon which he acts. He has what William James called habit without philosophy. Acutely nationalist, a realist in politics in the business sense, he approaches all its problems like an accountant with the balance sheet of a corporation. All his cast of mind is rigid mid-Victorian. He represents the Birmingham of Joseph Chamberlain at the epoch when the latter had shed his early radicalism and had become the apostle of that crude imperial idea which Kipling hymned. He lives within limited horizons; he is wholly unaware that he is imprisoned by them. He reminds me, in many ways, of Mr. Hoover. He cannot imagine that he is wrong. He is impatient of criticism. He regards opponents as inferiors. There is nothing in him of that magnanimity which gave Mr. Baldwin, as an orator, a genuinely national platform from which to speak.

Mr. Chamberlain is of the historic essence of Toryism in England. For him, the bargain with fate has been made; it is no longer open to revision. His party is identical with England; its welfare is the common welfare. He has no grasp of the newer internationalism. The principles of socialism have no meaning for him. He is prepared, within the limits of capitalist society, to allow social reforms so long as their price does not threaten profit. He is the voice of the banker and the manufacturer: grim, harsh, set. He has not had to accept their standards; he has never known that there were any others. His lack of imagination imprisons him in his postulates; and this leads him to a self-complacency about his own outlook which makes an alternative faith unthinkable to him. He is, no doubt, an honest reactionary. He is immensely hard-working; no minister in this government, it is said, has the same relentless zeal in mastering his papers. But the tragedy of his accession to power is partly his ignorance that a new world is struggling to be born, and partly his complete satisfaction with the contours of the old.

Mr. Baldwin, whatever his faults, had certain of the best qualities of the aristocrat. He was the English gentleman in power; in the eighteenth century, he might easily have been another Walpole with all of Walpole's great qualities. Mr. Chamberlain is, as it were, the direct descendant of the Gradgrinds and the Bounderbys of Dickens's Coketown—he governs to win for his side. There is no grace about him. He has one set of standards for his class, a different set for those who do not belong to it. For him there are no essential questions to be reopened. All that he does is right in his own eyes. The reader of Carlyle and Matthew Arnold will recognize in him the type they depicted: the man who mistakes bigness for grandeur, who thinks that material success is the same as spiritual achievement, who believes himself to be "practical," who is impatient with those who insist that the time has come to reëxamine foundations. He would be understood by every chamber of commerce in the United States. Mr. Matthew Woll would regard him as a thoroughly sound man—I do not doubt that Mr. Mellon would regard him as an admirable prime minister of Great Britain.

But he will introduce a note of exacerbation into British politics which has been absent under Mr. Baldwin. The essential policy is unlikely to change; its power to get itself accepted will inevitably shrink. His premiership will provide socialists with a great opportunity if they know how to seize it. For the people are aware of the need for change; Mr. Baldwin persuaded them to postpone its coming by the skill with which he preserved the old world by speaking of it in the accents of the new. Mr. Chamberlain has no such skill. Under him the class issues will be nakedly defined; there will be no blurring of their contours. He will fight rather than give way. He will go halfway to meet the Labor challenge, doubly armed with his consciousness of rectitude. If the Labor Party unites the working-class forces under its leadership, it will quickly win a response both wider and more profound than any it has known in the post-war years. The haze in which Mr. Baldwin enveloped the battle is about to disappear; Mr. Chamberlain will make plain the effective disposition of forces. Great leadership in these next twelve months will be a turning-point in British history. It is a supreme opportunity to oppose the new world to the old; and in clarifying its frontiers, the British Labor Party might well be able to save what is left of European civilization.

John Heliker

"Why did they have to pick an unknown soldier? For all we know he may be somebody else."

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The Coming Struggle in Steel

The "unholy alliance" of the big independents seems likely to result in an historic showdown in American labor history

By Adam Lapin

UNFORTUNATELY, the members of the Republic Steel gas-pipe gang did not hear chairman H. E. Lewis of Jones & Laughlin enunciate the new labor policies of his company the other day. Neither did the heads of Republic's police force. They were all busy in Aliquippa at the time, unaware that the strike had just been settled.

Too bad they missed the little lecture by J. & L.'s Mr. Lewis. They did not hear him explain to the gentlemen of the press with his usual quiet dignity that he and his associates had tried to deal with the strike in the spirit of the times. They did not hear him affirm his conviction that collective bargaining was necessary and inevitable. They did not hear him go so far as to state, off the record of course, that he saw no good reason why the other independent steel companies should not sign written contracts with the union.

Since much of what was said that day was not for publication, the thirty members of the gas-pipe gang and the seven heads of Republic Steel's police force may never have gotten the gist of Mr. Horace Edgar Lewis's conversation. They may have only remembered their instructions to try to break the strike and after that to force workers to vote against the union, and forgotten that in reality they were envoys of the new day to the benighted hordes of J. & L. workers.

Republic Steel later admitted that "a few trained observers" had been sent into Aliquippa, but scoffed at the thought that they could have been there to interfere with the election. With the same quiet dignity that is so characteristic of him, Mr. H. E. Lewis denied everything.

These emissaries of good will from Republic mills in Cleveland, Youngstown, Buffalo, and Canton were living proof, in many pounds of beef and muscle, of what chairman Philip Murray of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee has called the unholy alliance of the independent steel producers. It may not be the whole truth to call the gas-pipe gang trained observers, but undoubtedly they were looking over the situation to learn what lessons they could for the strikes that are still ahead in steel.

J. & L. took a licking from the union first in the splendid thirty-six-hour strike that shut down the mills both in Pittsburgh and in Aliquippa, and later in the Labor Board election. But the unholy alliance still exists. It has lost a battle, not the war. The surrender of J. & L. was clearly a case of sheer necessity rather than of desertion of the cause. Heavy mortgages had been taken out on the corporation's properties in order to permit the construction of new continuous strip mills. Its financial situation was weak, and a long strike was out of the question. And after all, thousands of ready orders meant so much cash on hand.

The alliance of the independents remains a dangerous fighting force. Four of the so-called "big five" independents are still holding out in their refusal to sign a contract with the union. There is Bethlehem Steel with 82,000 workers, and then Republic Steel with some 53,000 workers—both with plants in widely scattered towns and cities so that complete tie-up is by no means simple. Youngstown Sheet & Tube employs 27,000 workers in Youngstown and Chicago, and E. T. Weir's National Steel empire is concentrated in Weirton and Detroit. The smaller companies, the American Rolling Mills, with about 15,000 employees, and Inland Steel with about 11,000 workers, are also part of the alliance. Crucible was, but has already knuckled under.

Together these companies employ close to 200,000 workers and produce almost 40 percent of the steel in the United States. Under the leadership of two extremely rugged individualists, Ernest T. Weir of National and Tom Girdler of Republic, they are a formidable combination. That they intend to fight is a foregone conclusion. This is the purpose of their alliance. Youngstown Sheet & Tube and Republic Steel have already announced that they will shut down their mills before recognizing the S.W.O.C. Tom Girdler has said that he will go back to hoeing potatoes rather than deal with the union.

IN ELEVEN MONTHS, the C.I.O. has made tremendous progress in steel. Some five hundred thousand workers have been signed up in the union. Some 750 union lodges have been formed. About 125 companies, employing approximately 310,000 workers, have already signed union contracts, including Carnegie-Illinois and four other U.S. Steel subsidiaries.

More than that, the union has changed life in the steel towns of Western Pennsylvania and of West Virginia and Ohio beyond recognition. During their recent strike, the workers in Aliquippa displayed a huge sign reading "WE ARE NOW FREE MEN." On May Day there were large victory celebrations in New Castle, Farrel, and other towns. Everywhere union men are talking about putting up their own candidates in the coming elections.

In short, the steel drive has been a success. Once the independents sign up with the union, the C.I.O. has practically completed its work in steel.

The alliance of the independents represents the last stand of the diehards in the industry against the union. The leaders of the group are tories in an industry never noted for liberalism. Their connections with Reaction are legion. Weir has been the most articulate of the group. Last October he described himself in *Fortune* as what President Roosevelt called an economic royalist. He was chairman of the finance committee of the Republican Party in the Pittsburgh district in the last election, and has contributed liberally to the Crusaders, notorious fascist outfit. Frank Purnell of Youngstown Sheet & Tube has also contributed to the Crusaders. Charley Schwab and Eugene Grace of Bethlehem rank with Weir as Liberty Leaguers and intransigent opponents of even the palest of progressive measures. These men have united in a determination not to recognize the union, pledging their resources and their industrial empires to this effort.

The success of the union's work has driven a wedge into the united front of the steel barons of the country. The American Iron & Steel Institute is badly split by the rift between those who deal with the union and those who refuse to.

At the bottom of the split is, of course, the action of U.S. Steel in signing union contracts way back in March. Usually U.S. Steel informs the other members of the Institute of its action in advance. A raise in wages is ordinarily announced at the same time by all the companies. So is any kind of important decision. In this case, Carnegie-Illinois, U.S. Steel subsidiary, acted alone.

The moguls of U.S. Steel bowed to the strength of the union. They took cognizance of the victorious strike of the automobile workers in Flint. They were aware that the political climate of the country was not what it used to be, and the administration might not encourage the more brutal forms of terror and coercion. In addition there were the profits. U.S. Steel's 1936 net was $55,501,787 as against $6,106,488 in 1935. The first quarter of 1937 showed $28,561,533.

And then, of course, U.S. Steel realized that it was dealing with a different type of adversary in the C.I.O., that it was confronted with a powerfully knit industrial-union movement, and not with the twenty-four craft unions, separated by jurisdictional jealousies, as in the past. These considerations brought the biggest steel producer of

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them all to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor. At least for the present.

Of course the independents are confronted with the same situation, and with the additional factor that the union is now much stronger than it was in March when U.S. Steel decided to sign. Their profits, on the whole, compare favorably with those of U.S. Steel. Some of the independents are making prodigious profits. On a total capitalization of only $123,848,439, Inland Steel made $5,008,941 in the first quarter of 1937. Multiply this figure by four and you will get a pretty good picture of the profits Inland is likely to make during the year. Always a good money-maker as the result of cut-throat competitive practices and ruthless labor policies, Weir's National Steel netted $5,695,819 for the first three months of the new year.

In the same period, Bethlehem made $8,293,833; Republic cleaned up $5,567,063; and even J. & L., which showed a net loss during the first quarter of 1936 of close to a million, made $1,982,394 for the same months this year.

Given similar conditions, U.S. Steel and the independents have reached different conclusions about the best means of handling the increasingly troublesome labor situation. U.S. Steel has made temporary concessions, undoubtedly in the hope of being able to smash the union at some more opportune time. The independents have chosen to fight now.

THE INDEPENDENTS have mapped their strategy for a long-drawn fight. They have pledged that they will coöperate with each other in filling each other's orders if one of them is shut down by the union. In this way, no company expects to lose any of its permanent customers. In the event that several are struck at the same time, they believe that U.S. Steel and the smaller companies that have signed with the union will be unable to fill the orders because the entire steel industry is now running at 92 percent of capacity.

Their real hope is a change in the political situation. They are convinced that a reaction will set in against the rising tide of unionism. They achieved something of this in the short-lived hysteria against the sit-down strikes. They take solace from the vigorous campaign against the President's court-reform proposals. They hope that, if they can hold out long enough, the invincibility of the C.I.O. will be checked by such legislation as the proposed incorporation of unions, and by a general strengthening of the cause of toryism.

In this sense, the stand of the independents against the union can hardly be separated from the growing tenseness of the political scene as the fight against unpacking the Supreme Court gathers intensity and bitterness. The struggle between the union and the independents is, rather, by far the most important industrial front in the fierce battle which has been raging since the beginning of the election campaign last year and which shows no signs of abating now.

There is another side to this entire picture, something Republic Steel's trained observers in Aliquippa know a lot about. The independents are making very definite physical preparations in order to carry out their long-time economic and political policy. J. & L. was at something of a disadvantage in Pennsylvania. Not only is the union very strong, but labor as a whole is in an excellent position to exert the most effective kind of pressure on the Earle administration. Governor Holt in West Virginia, Governor Davey in Ohio, and Governor Horner in Illinois have not been equally amenable to pressure from labor.

In Weirton, I got some idea of just how hard the independents intend to fight. With all the vast changes that have taken place during the past few years, Weirton remains the feudal barony of the generalissimo of the independents. Kenny Joch, the union organizer, has been beaten up so many times that he seems almost immune to physical violence. Union men are periodically beaten up when they enter the mill with union buttons. Foremen, oblivious of the legality of the Wagner act as acknowledged even by the Supreme Court, still force workers to join the new-fangled company union, the Employees' Security League. And Claude Conway, the leader of the Hatchet Gang indicted for assaulting Kenny Joch, sits in one of the nattily furnished offices of the Security League waiting vainly for eager applicants. The union had made real headway in Weirton. Equally significant, however, is the stubborn adherence of the company to its time-honored techniques of dealing with the the union.

All of the independents are seriously preparing for the inevitable clash with the union. While any complete description of their preparedness is impossible in this article, some idea can be gained from the disclosures of the Nye committee of orders of munitions from Federal Laboratories by the various independent companies. The orders cited here are by no means complete. They have recently been considerably augmented. They are intended as a sampling of the stock in the plants of the independents, rather than as an inventory.

On September 30, 1933, there was entered in the books of Federal Laboratories an invoice over the signature of A. G. Bergman for the following order sent to Bethlehem Steel at Johnstown:

12 blast type billies
100 blast type billies, cartridges
24 Jumbo CN grenades lot No. X820
24 military bouchons
48 1½" cal. projectile shells (CN)
24 1½" cal. short-range shells (CN)
4 1½" cal. riot guns, style 201 sr. No. 337, 386, 390, 403
4 riot gun cases

On June 6, 1934, Youngstown Sheet & Tube was billed for the following order:

10 1½" cal. riot gun 201, $60 ea.
10 riot gun cases 211, $7.50 ea.
60 1½" cal. long range projectiles, $7.50 ea.
60 1½" cal. short range projectiles, $4.50 ea.
60 M-39 billies std. barrel no disc., $22.50 ea.
600 M-39 billy cartridges, $1.50 ea.
200 grenades 106 M, 10% disc., $12 ea.

After the proper discounts and additions were made, the bill was $6,027.

And here is a letter from the vice-president of Federal Laboratories to Smith & Wesson, of Springfield, Mass., urging the latter to speed up a shipment of revolvers to the Weirton Steel Co. Weirton's order was made in the spring of 1934 after the short-lived strike of the previous year, and was obviously intended to be put away for future use. The letter said:

I hope you will let nothing prevent your shipping out to us for the Weirton Steel Company, Weirton, W. Va., the 47 .38 military and police, S. & W. 6" barrel, blued revolvers.

We will send you confirming requisition for your permanent record today, and ask that the invoice be made out to Weirton Steel, but send it to us rather than direct to Weirton Steel; on account of their desire that their employees be not familiar with what they are doing, they require we use great secrecy in the way bills are handled.

This equipment has never been used. And I have cited but one shipment each to three of the independents involved in the present crisis. The plants of the independents are great arsenals held in readiness. All of these companies have used violence in the past. And Republic sent "observers" to Aliquippa. Were the heads of the Republic police department expected to acquire practice for use nearer home?

WITH THE ELECTION in J. & L. over, the show-down with the other independents will not be postponed. The union has already presented Republic and Youngstown Sheet & Tube with ultimatums. Charges have been filed before the Labor Board against Bethlehem, Republic, and Weirton. Workers in the Bethlehem mill at Johnstown have passed a resolution to strike if the company does not sign very shortly.

Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, has repeatedly said that strikes in all of the independents are inevitable if they do not sign with the union. They have not signed. They do not appear likely to do so.

When the final show-down takes place, I do not think that there can be much doubt as to who will win. The strategy of the union has been magnificent. The first flying squadrons were sent into Homestead, stronghold of Carnegie-Illinois. The first concentration was on Carnegie-Illinois mills. The union realized that U.S. Steel was the most important antagonist. And when U.S. Steel finally signed up with the union, the heat was put on a host of smaller companies with the result that more than one hundred of them signed. Then J. & L., the weakest of the independents, was tackled and subdued.

The other independents are now isolated. The union has grown strong. Its forces have been consolidated. New leaders have come to the fore. The C.I.O. as a whole has grown in prestige and influence. The independents are a powerful force. But they face a union that is prepared for them. The gas-pipe gang, M-39 billies, and 106 M grenades will not be enough.

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Japan's Political Jujutsu

The reactionaries in the army and bourgeoisie are grappling for a stranglehold that will throttle the political parties

By Albert Brown

ONE of the most significant aspects of the present situation in Japan, now that the parliamentary elections are over and the Hayashi government stands repudiated by a virtual landslide, has received hardly any notice in the American press. Granted that the policies of the government, such as its record-breaking war budget, its "forward" foreign policy and reactionary internal program were rejected by the electorate, nobody really expected anything else and nobody expected the government to take the hint and resign. The political set-up is so different from that in western parliamentary democracies that such expressions as "elections," "parliament," etc. are likely to be misleading. A Japanese election may sometimes be a fair barometer of popular opinion, but it is never a mandate, because the Japanese "constitution" definitely subordinates the parliament to the emperor and his advisers, the military bureaucracy and the cabinet.

The central problem in relation to the elections is why they took place at all, since nobody, least of all the government, had any illusions about the result. Premier Hayashi virtually predicted his own defeat when he threatened, a month before its election, to dissolve the forthcoming Diet unless the new deputies reflected "the genuine sentiments of the people." The Tokyo municipal elections, which anticipated the parliamentary elections, resulted in an unprecedented increase in votes for the proletarian deputies.

To understand the decisive role played by the army in this situation as well as in all the critical situations in Japan requires a brief analysis of the army itself. Although the army presents a fairly unified front today, nevertheless sharp divisions exist in its ranks. These bitter factional divisions have been punctuated by the assassination of many prominent army leaders, the majority of them moderates and centrists.

The army has three important groupings. The least influential today is under the leadership of General Ugaki, who represents the moderate wing. This group undoubtedly is much stronger, however, than its present role and influence would seem to indicate. Its viewpoint coincides most closely with that of the leaders of finance and industry. The extremist wing, led by Generals Araki and Mazaki, was the driving force in the seizure of Manchuria, and is chiefly responsible for a series of violent political disturbances, such as the army revolt of February 26, 1936. The centrist group, under the leadership of Generals Terauchi (former war minister), Hayashi (now premier), and Sugiyama (present war minister) is in power at the present time. This faction, despite close relations with the extremists, has expressed a more conciliatory attitude on major questions. Both latter groups support the fascist trends in Japan. But the extremists accept fascism in full and immediately, while the centrists are more cautious.

Any understanding of the elections must begin with the efforts made prior to the election itself, to stabilize the Hayashi government by forming a new political party through a reshuffling of the present ruling groups. The plan was to link the centrist group in the army with the more important financial and industrial circles from the so-called moderate wing of the bourgeoisie. This new party would assist and hasten the process of disintegration of the present political parties. Controlled by the new ruling bloc, it would assure a fair degree of stability for the Hayashi government and the class interests behind that government.

A large section of the moderate-inclined bureaucracy from the various ministries was prepared to enter this bloc under the leadership of Home Minister Kakichi Kawarada. The navy leaders, in many ways linked with the army centrists, warmly endorsed the new bloc. Court circles gave every encouragement. Within the leading bourgeois parties, the Minseito and Seiyukai, were influential reactionary groups which participated in the negotiations. Such a far-reaching regrouping of political forces was a burning necessity for the Hayashi government if it was to continue to rule without completely discarding parliamentary forms.

These plans and negotiations fit in with a series of otherwise puzzling events. The powerful Mitsui trust was particularly active in the formation of the new bloc around Hayashi. In the give-and-take between the Mitsui interests and the Hayashi government, Seihin Ikeda, Mitsui's former chief executive, was appointed director of the Bank of Japan by the cabinet. This post exercises more real economic power than does the Ministry of Finance. In return, there was no serious opposition to the record budget in the Diet, an indication that the big financial interests had approved the military budget.

It appears that the price exacted by the financial interests for this approval of the military budget was, among other things, a modification of the policy towards China and the Soviet Union. Foreign Minister Naotake Sato delivered a conciliatory speech in the Diet, promising friendlier relations with the U.S.S.R. and a "new start" in respect to China.

The army, however, proved to be the stumbling-block which made realization of the new bloc impossible in time for the elections. Sato's moderate speech was read at a full cabinet meeting and approved by War Minister Sugiyama prior to its delivery. But Sugiyama, under pressure of the extremist elements in the army, demanded its alteration immediately thereafter. Sato then virtually repudiated his new policy, doubtless in a desperate effort to save the bloc from falling apart.

B. Gikow

While it is true that a general speech on foreign policy does not determine the actual policy, it is a fact that foreign policy has been and is at the root of the bitter and turbulent conflicts within the ruling factions of Japan and must be the basis of any compromises among these groups.

Sato's bold speech and its speedy "clarification" indicated that all was not going smoothly within the new bloc. All doubt of this dissension disappeared when it became plain that a new party would not emerge in time for the elections after all. The extremists in the army, alert to the new bloc behind Hayashi, insisted on dissolution of the Diet before the bloc could be patched up.

Prior to the election, two courses of action stood out for the Hayashi government. It could either organize its new reactionary party and dominate the political scene more or less within the present parliamentary façade, or it could reorganize the parliamentary framework in favor of a kind of bureaucratic fascism in which the party system would become even less significant than at present. The decisive electoral defeat for the government has apparently set the Hayashi government along the second course of action.

The political parties, judging from recent public pronouncements, are unlikely to capitulate without a struggle. For this reason, the army groups may decide to sacrifice the Hayashi government in order to play for time for a better opportunity to go forward towards their brand of military fascism. In any event, the conflicts within the Japanese ruling class are likely to deepen to the advantage of the anti-fascist forces among the workers, peasants, and middle classes.

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Jacob Burck

THE LAST DIME

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Peril for Labor

THE old guard of the A. F. of L. has decided upon a line of action which immediately confronts the American trade-union movement with the peril of an internal struggle exceeding in bitterness and betrayal some of the darkest episodes in the past. The direction of the deliberations by the representatives of the 102 craft unions in the Federation now in session in Cincinnati has already been made abundantly plain in the recommendations submitted by the executive council. The council's proposals of doubling the dues of federated unions for a "war chest," chartering dual unions when existing ones are affiliated with the C.I.O., and expelling C.I.O. locals from all state and city federations, mean nothing other than civil war in the labor movement.

President Green has fooled nobody by putting the council's proposals on the lofty plane of cashing in on "the great wave of organization spirit which is sweeping the country." There is abundant evidence of just such a wave of union-mindedness among the unorganized workers, but every bit of this evidence points to the Committee for Industrial Organization as its direct inspiration. The chieftains of the A. F. of L. have done their utmost to obstruct and hinder this organizational wave. Now they propose to go further and actively split the labor movement into two warring camps by deliberate sponsorship of dual unions, expulsions, and heresy hunting.

If, as is altogether likely, the A. F. of L. grants an international charter to the Progressive Miners of America, the reactionary and at present uninfluential enemy of the United Mine Workers, then the bars will be down. In the same vein was the threat by President Thomas Rickert of the United Garment Workers to invade the field of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a C.I.O. affiliate.

Confronted with this situation, it may be expected that a good many more unions in the A. F. of L. will follow the example of the American Newspaper Guild and join the C.I.O. No self-respecting trade unionist will permit without protest the Red-baiting rampages of William Green and John P. Frey. Green set the keynote of the anti-C.I.O. campaign in a radio speech three days prior to the meeting of the executive council when he accused the C.I.O. of being Communist because Communists supported it. On similar logic, Green would oppose the first ten amendments to the U. S. constitution because Communists support them, too.

Nothing Sacred

THE C.I.O. is out to influence the nation's capital in more ways than one. Arrangements are under way for a C.I.O. union on the Hill. If the organization materializes, it will be composed of Congressmen's secretaries.

Spanish Scene

IN the past few months, the British government has trotted out a proposal to call a "truce" in the Spanish war every time some emergency put Rome and Berlin on the spot. The truce, according to the official version, would permit evacuation of all foreign volunteers from the Spanish war fronts. The plan is now enjoying one of its periodic reincarnations, owing to the threat of a White Book prepared by the Spanish government for the present session of the Council of the League of Nations, giving names, dates, places, and pictures testifying to the invasion of Spain by Germany and Italy.

Any such withdrawal of foreign troops would be all to the advantage of Spanish democracy. Valencia has nothing like the foreign man-power and materials poured into Spain by Germany and Italy for Burgos. The trouble is that the fascist powers have already staked so much on Franco that they cannot withdraw without some interest on their expenditure. Britain has more or less consistently acted as part buffer and part broker for the fascist powers. It is not failing them now. A session of the League Council always presents Downing Street with the problem of glossing over the real issues in Spain for the sake of saving its face before the British public. The propaganda about a "truce" is just such an expedient.

More promising than this diplomatic shadow-boxing are reliable reports from Spain that the loyalists are almost ready to launch a powerful, coördinated, and enduring offensive. Although the insurgents have not made nearly as much progress against Bilbao as they threatened, real hope for the relief of the besieged Basque capital appears to lie in loyalist offensives on other fronts. There are indications that the long-slumbering Aragon front may soon become a center of large-scale operations. If Bilbao holds out, eventual rescue may come from this quarter.

Arctic Flight

BEHIND the spectacular achievement of the Soviet polar expedition under Dr. Otto J. Schmidt, director of the Northern Sea Route, lie many years of patient and courageous experimentation. One objective of this exploration and research is a free sea passage from the North Sea to the Pacific, from Archangel to Vladivostok, via the Arctic Ocean. Long ridiculed as a pipe-dream, the feat was accomplished for the first time by the Soviet ice-breaker *Sibiriakov* in 1932. This latest achievement will assist in carrying out the general plan through the establishment of a permanent scientific station at the North Pole.

When the final goal has been achieved, the Soviets expect ample compensation in terms of trade, science, and defense. Normal shipping trade between the Atlantic and Pacific will greatly enhance the economic value of the whole Soviet Far East. Siberia and the Arctic are rich in mineral resources. The conception of a commercial airplane route from Moscow to San Francisco can no longer be classified as fantasy. In opening up these tremendous economic plans and visions, science will grow infinitely richer both in scope and accomplishment.

The success of the Northern Sea Route is another good reason why Japan will further delay its war of aggression against the Soviet Union. Japanese military strategists have been the victims of delusions of grandeur ever since the smashing defeat of the czar's navy in the war of 1904-5. In that war, the czar's navy was fatally handicapped because the Russian Baltic Squadron could reach Japanese waters only by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Another story might have been told of that war if a sea passage along the Arctic coast of Siberia had been possible for the Russian fleet.

What the Judges Say It Is

THE Supreme Court's decision upholding the Social Security act confirms our prediction of last week that a favorable ruling would be handed down. The fate of the job-insurance provisions of the act was determined, as were so many other crucial measures in the past, by the vote of a single man. Could anything more clearly indicate the continued need for judicial reform? This week's decision emphasizes more strongly than ever the precarious position of popular will under a dictatorship of nine men.

The old-age provisions of the act, upheld

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by a vote of seven to two, are more significant in one respect than the unemployment provisions. Pensions operate on a national scale, whereas unemployment-insurance legislation is to be handled through a cumbrous state-federal arrangement. Now that both types of legislation have been declared constitutional, there is no reason why Congress should hesitate to redraft the unemployment-insurance legislation on the basis of a federal guarantee.

Though both provisions of the act represent a distinct advance in the direction of social security, they are obviously inadequate. Benefits to the unemployed cover only fifteen to twenty weeks, altogether too brief a term in a depression period. The amount of the benefits is far too small, owing to the reluctance of certain congressmen to levy a tax on the basis of capacity to pay. Moreover, the old-age provisions do not protect those workers who are too old at the present time to contribute to their own insurance.

Finally, it is pleasant to record that Monday's decisions marked the last opportunity of Justice Van Devanter to impose his prejudices on 130,000,000 people.

"40-40 or Fight"

ON the very day that Social Security ran the gauntlet of the Supreme Court, President Roosevelt in a message to Congress advocated laws that will put a floor under wages, clamp a ceiling on hours of work, and stop labor by children under sixteen. Forty cents an hour for a forty-hour week is the tentative goal, the provisions to affect industries in interstate commerce.

Commentators call it "the little N.R.A." However, the present program is very different in scope and procedure from the old law which was declared unconstitutional May 27, 1935, by unanimous decision of the Supreme Court. Unlike the new "40-40," the N.R.A. set up "fair trade" practices, and many of its seven hundred-odd codes contained provisions that were straight price-fixing. In addition, wage and hour schedules were cut to suit the fancy of trade organizations and sectionalized industries. Shocking wage differentials and cumbersome machinery for compliance made the Blue Eagle hard to manage.

The new bill, which Senator Black and Representative Connery are sponsoring, gains strength from simplicity. Aimed at all major industries and every section of the country alike, "40-40" avoids the endless complexities that bedeviled N.R.A., where each industry operated under its own peculiar code, administered by its own code authority. Under N.R.A., minimum-wage scales were set for each industry and occupation. They varied enormously, and numerous exceptions were

Joe Bartlett

Van Devanter—His last "no"

permitted. A five-man board will administer "40-40" and will determine those specific exceptions essential to the act's smooth operation.

Whose Economy?

THE same Representatives who fought one week to increase pork-barrel appropriations for their home districts fought the next to gut Roosevelt's utterly inadequate work-relief program—and almost succeeded in reducing it from one and a half to one billion dollars. On the other side of the Capitol, Senator Robinson, Supreme Court candidate, exclaimed, "A billion dollars is the ultimate amount that should be appropriated."

Backers of the billion-dollar bill rang all the old familiar changes: adequate relief would encourage laziness and endanger the national credit. The Boileau bill, providing three billions, lost, but its backers spoke logically and to the point. They, too, deplored inefficient relief administration, where it exists, but Representative O'Malley argued truly: "No man burns down his barn to get rid of rats." And so long as some eight to eleven millions are unemployed, fears of encouraging laziness are a joke.

The fine frenzy over our national credit is equally ludicrous. Beginning with the war-chest, Congress could wisely cut millions from the nation's expense account and could raise more millions by a forthright policy of taxation. Stocks, bonds, and incomes have never been properly considered as sources of revenue.

No wonder Representative Rabaut, just before swinging into line behind Roosevelt's inadequate measure, exclaimed: "The great word 'economy' is to find its first fitting place when it operates against the poor of this country."

Political Symbolism

THE current unpleasantness between High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt and President Manuel Quezon of the Philippines is decidedly not a teapot tempest. Behind the disagreement over who is to have precedence at official toasts is a genuine political controversy, focal to the future of the insular government. The real basis of the conflict is whether the United States still rules the Philippines within the terms of the Tydings-McDuffie act, under which the islands now enjoy commonwealth status.

Only a few weeks ago, High Commissioner McNutt startled the Filipinos by asking foreign consulates in Manila to forward all communications to the insular government through his office. At that time, the point obviously involved was that Quezon, the democratically elected president of the Commonwealth, was still subordinate to the official representative of the ruling power—the United States. And before that, the very choice of McNutt, a strong-arm diplomat if ever there was one, for high commissioner indicated that Washington intended to pursue a much stronger policy in respect to the islands than had been true of Frank Murphy's period as high commissioner. In this connection, it is significant that President Roosevelt announced the appointment of McNutt while Quezon was en route to Washington for his recent visit. Quezon could not have been consulted in that appointment.

The symbolism of the toast hinges on this wider question of sovereignty. Filipino officials have decided to boycott all functions where official toasts are likely to be given. Paul McNutt's toast may be likened to the inimitable Wallis Warfield. From little ceremonies great constitutional issues grow.

Arms and the Man

THE astonishing disclosure, printed only in the *Daily Worker*, that an "unnamed official" of the American Cyanamid Co. called for the assassination of President Roosevelt, is perhaps not so astonishing after all. Since the Civil War, America has witnessed several political murders of this nature, and parallels are not difficult to find in contemporary European politics. It should be noted, however, that the newspapers refused to touch the story, even though the authoritative McClure Syndicate

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dispatch which carried it was available to all McClure subscribers. Even the labor press refused to take the story. It was "too hot."

The threat is only too typical of the tories who were crushed to the ground last November. After their lacing in the election, they wasted no time in engineering a flanking movement that would destroy all the social achievements of the present administration. Boring into Congress, working on the President's closest advisers, attempting by undercover action to divert the administration program, all reactionary elements have joined in a campaign to discredit Roosevelt.

Political threats against the President by such groups as the Bar Association, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and the Bankers' Association are not liable to prosecution; but there is no denying that this call to arms by a Cyanamid official is a clear case for the attorney-general.

Obit: John D. Rockefeller

HEREDITY: "I cheat my boys every chance I get. I trade with the boys and skin 'em, and I just beat 'em every chance I can. I want to make 'em sharp." (William Avery Rockefeller, farmer, patent-medicine peddler, horse trader, and country doctor, father of John D., on child training.)

Crime file: "Seven men and a corporate machine have conspired against their fellow citizens. We decree this dangerous conspiracy ended." (Decision of the Supreme Court in 1911 ordering dissolution of Rockefeller's oil trust.)

Confessional: "They say I am the master of all the oil in the land, and still I have not enough to grease my own joints." (Rockefeller in 1936 to his official photographer.)

Epitaph: "Money mad, money mad! Sane in every other way, but money mad!" (Mark Hanna's comment on Rockefeller.)

Beyond the Horizon

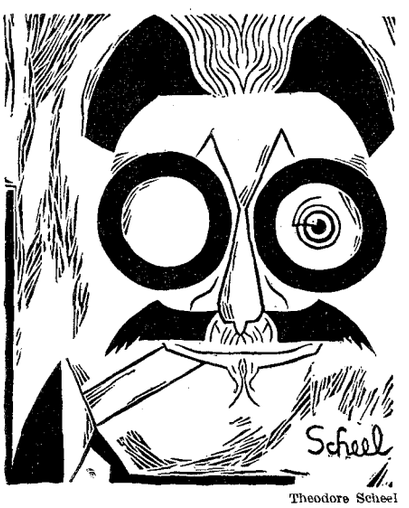
THOSE socially minded people who need the stimulus of a full-blown crisis in order to participate in efforts for a better world might get a running start by watching current indices of business and industry. After a long climb from depression lows, several series show signs of leveling off. Whether or not this hesitancy means that we have hit tops for the recovery movement, recent comments in business circles hint at trouble ahead.

The symptoms are painfully familiar. Though prices are already so high that "consumer resistance" is worrying many merchants, Sears Roebuck finds retail prices lagging behind wholesale markets. Department-store stocks have increased steadily since last August, but *Business Week* is reassured by big gains in the sale of luxury items, which "belie the consumer-resistance notion." Economists from Dr. Moulton up and down have warned industry that it must pass along lowered costs. To date, the price structure gives no evidence that this advice has been followed. In fact, many basic manufactured items are showing runaway tendencies.

Thanks to the complexity of the present economic system, it is impossible to state the exact point at which prices will over-reach themselves (as in 1929), but there is plenty of evidence that business is closing the vicious circle, and too rapidly for its own peace of mind. Profits are spectacular in comparison with '35 and '36, yet few business spokesmen even suggest that there is anything sound or permanent in present economic trends. Rather, some of them are doing a little unpleasant crystal-gazing: Charles ("Hell and Maria") Dawes predicts a collapse in 1939. For once the judgment of these "leaders" may be worth something. At any rate, inactive liberals, who are now waiting for the real payoff, would be well advised to begin warming up. Granted the added sense of accomplishment that comes from being in at the death, a couple of good stiff workouts are bound to improve one's form.

Whom the Gods Destroy

IN that paranoiac fantasy which increasingly envelops him, Leon Trotsky appears to himself as Lenin's only begotten son, the world's sole surviving Marxist. This week he has given us, via the Associated Press, another striking example of his "Marxism." You are mistaken if you think political groups represent social-economic interests. They really represent abstract moral aphorisms culled from schoolbooks. The Third International, whose Thaelmanns, Ewerts, Presteses, and DeJonges are hounded and jailed in capitalist countries, is based on "power and money," while Mr. Trotsky's Fourth International has a monopoly on "honesty."



Theodore Scheel

Trotsky—Seconded Franco

Whoever is at loss to define "honesty" should consider Mr. Trotsky's statement on Spain. With characteristic delusion of grandeur, he sees tens of thousands in the Fourth International throughout the world. Then, with characteristic self-contradiction, he adds that in Spain, the most crucial spot of all, his International's section is "very small." He has failed to add that his followers there have been guilty of actual military treason.

Moreover, every American observer in Madrid has reported that the People's Front consists not only of Communists and Socialists, but also of Republicans and Catholics. Two men who have toured America for the loyalists are living proof of this. One is Marcelino Domingo, president of the Left Republican Party; the other is Father O'Flanagan.

The issue in Spain today is democracy versus fascism. But Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini seek to falsify the facts by making communism the central issue. The Pope, supported in this country by Al Smith and Michael Williams, follows the same line. So does Leon Trotsky. The Spanish loyalists, he told the Associated Press, are entirely in the hands of Stalin.

This is the "honesty" of the so-called Fourth International, which cynically distorts the truth for the benefit of fascism. It will be no surprise to those reasonable men and women who have carefully studied the record of the Moscow trials.

Silver Anniversary

AFTER twenty-five stormy years, the International Fur Workers' Union has held a convention, at which the major question was settled by practically a unanimous vote. Ninety-four out of ninety-eight delegates voted to affiliate with the C.I.O. The victory for unity and progressivism in the union is underscored by the election to the presidency of the Communist Ben Gold, long a leader of the New York furriers.

This achievement takes on added significance in the light of the union's eventful history. Beginning in 1904, the fur workers engaged in organizational drives which culminated in the general strike of 1912, a date which is justly considered the birth-year of the union. The thirteen-week strike that year brought a forty-nine-hour week into an industry where a sixty- and seventy-hour week had been the rule. By 1917, the Interna-

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tional had whittled working hours down to forty-four per week. A historic thirty-two-week strike in 1920 was forced upon the workers by the manufacturers' drive to break the union. This strike, though lost, prepared the fur workers for the consolidation of forces, which was climaxed by the great strike victory of 1926.

The period between 1927 and 1934 were dark years, marked by internal dissension which enabled the employers to rob the union of its previous gains. But educational activities continued, and labor consciousness was intensified during this period of distress. In 1935, one union for the entire industry was finally created. Bitter lessons in the destructiveness of internal conflict were not lost. The 1937 convention definitely marks the coming-of-age of a union which has grown from 3000 to the impressive figure of 30,000 in the past two years.

It would not surprise us to find the Fur Workers' Union a favorite theme of A. F. of L. orators in the coming months. Despite the fact that the present leadership was unanimously elected and is representative of all trends within the union, "Colonel" Frey is likely to cast Ben Gold as "heavy" in the anti-C.I.O. campaign.

Is It True About Sweden?

SINCE the publication of Marquis Childs's book, *Sweden: the Middle Way,* it has become fashionable to describe the Scandinavian countries in general, and Sweden in particular, as islands of utopia within a sea of pestilence. Official Swedish sources have not disabused the world of the myth owing to its grand publicity value. But some Swedes know better.

Recently, the editor of *Vi* (*We*), Sweden's largest magazine, published weekly by the Coöperative Association, wrote an editorial entitled "A Long Way to Utopia" which should do much to clear the air. On the basis of a government commission's report, he states that the average wage-earner's annual income is about 1700 kroner, or $425. From two thirds to three fourths of the wage-earners never receive even this much. More than half have an annual income of less than 1000 kroner, or only $250. Lest anyone get the illusion that Swedes are content with this pittance, the editorial says: "It is wisest not to give any advice on how to live decently on less than 1000 kroner per year, and it even seems revolting to discuss how such an income should be divided among the different items of a budget: food, clothing, rent, etc., down to expenses for cultural needs."

It may be that visitors to Sweden like Mr. Childs have mistaken a well-ordered poor-house for a paradise on earth.

Bernard DeVoto's Dogmatic Slumber

BERNARD DEVOTO, chieftain of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* sneers editorially at the National Congress of American Writers which meets in New York City the first week-end in June. Assuming that he had been invited to attend, he declines ungraciously. It would be less boring to play golf that week-end, he says, *if* he were a golf player.

Besides, isn't it meaningless to speak, as does the Congress call, of defending the "political and social institutions that make for peace and encourage a healthy culture"; or of "effecting an alliance for cultural defense between American writers and all progressive forces in the nation?" It's all nonsense!

A superb master of *non sequitur,* like most conservatives, Mr. DeVoto recoils from writers who heartily believe in something and are resolved to act upon their belief. He sniffs at the idea that fascism will be encouraged as an effective means of "keeping labor in its place," and that war-time regimentation will be used to break strikes.

Let America's leading writers, gathered in the June Congress, deceive themselves with such certainties. Not so Mr. DeVoto. He, thank heaven, holds to "an unfixed universe and a future with some unknowns in it." True, we do live in a changing universe, but it seems that only fanatics believe it is governed by certain laws. To free minds like Mr. DeVoto's, social development is a constant surprise. It may turn out, after all, that Michael Williams is right and that Franco is indeed defending democracy.

Such myopia naturally prevents a man from understanding a historic episode even when it takes place before his very eyes. America's leading writers are ready to take their stand against barbarism without any of Mr. DeVoto's foggy qualifications. When men like Archibald MacLeish, Senator Nye, Ernest Hemingway, Congressman Bernard, Earl Browder, and Donald Ogden Stewart appear on the same platform, only a snob can question the meaning of an alliance for cultural defense between America's writers and all progressive forces in the nation.

The sponsors of the Congress inform us that Mr. DeVoto has not been invited to attend. This is a minor matter. What is significant here is the attitude Mr. DeVoto represents. He is the voice of the unreconstructed twenties, a literary Bourbon who has forgotten nothing and learned nothing. He lolls in the comfortable self-deception that the world has not changed since H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury* days.

Mr. DeVoto does not like the June Congress, in the first place, because he despises conventions of all kinds. He sees no difference between a gathering of the D.A.R. and a gathering of leading American writers. Isn't this a typical cliché of the Harding era, when even our best intellectuals grasped neither the meaning of contemporary history nor their own role in it? Isn't this the old philistine illusion that poison and water are the same thing because they both come in a glass?

Mr. DeVoto's second objection to the Writers' Congress is equally typical of a period so thoroughly dead that only the most conservative and timid natures can cling to its illusions. The congress of June 4 wholeheartedly supports the Spanish government in its struggle against fascism. Mr. DeVoto, it seems, is also aiding the loyalists. But he remembers that we defended democracy in 1917 and were fooled. What guarantee is there that, in supporting Spanish democracy today, we are not again being fooled?

Forgetting nothing, learning nothing, Mr. DeVoto revives the cynicism engendered in the American intelligentsia by the Versailles Treaty. But is there no significance in all those sweeping changes which have taken place since? Is there really no difference between the Allied High Command and the people's front? Or—to put the question in its most obvious form—is there no meaning in the frank brutality with which fascism, wherever it has come to power, has strangled thought, literature, and culture?

America's writers cannot sneer at such gatherings at a time when newspapermen, artists, lawyers, authors, and actors have achieved trade-union organization, have participated in strikes, have sent money and men to the battlefields of Spain where men and women bar the march of Mussolini and Hitler as heroically as their forebears resisted Bonaparte.

The best of our writers—Van Wyck Brooks, Robert Morss Lovett, Vincent Sheean, Carl van Doren, Upton Sinclair, Clifford Odets, Lewis Mumford, and hundreds of others—have taken their stand on pressing social problems in a period of the world's history which indeed tries the souls of men. They realize that culture itself is at stake. At the June 4 Congress they will remind us again that everything best in human thought and creativeness is being sardonically murdered by fascism. They will take their place, as writers and creators, in the widespread ranks of those throughout America and the world who, with consciousness and foresight, battle for the defense of culture and for that genuine democracy which is its most fertile soil.

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Dirty Work in Minneapolis

The recent primaries and the election campaign give a picture of the people's front and Trotskyist politics

By Dale Kramer

IF ANYONE wishes to get a look at people's-front politics without going to France, or to peer into future U. S. politics, the best bet is to hop a bus for Minnesota. Here the progressives are in control, but at present not securely enough to enact as far-reaching a program as they would like; labor is openly and wholeheartedly in politics; the radical parties have strength enough to be real factors; and there is internal strife which might conceivably allow a reactionary coup.

No one denies that the Farmer-Labor Party, particularly in Minneapolis, is wracked with pain—that is obvious from the recent city primaries and other incidents. The real point is not that there is pain, but why. The newspapers of the twin cities—than which there can be no worse in either a moral or journalistic sense—are quick to label them wrecking pains. The more intelligent and aggressive section of the Farmer-Labor Party—which is on top—calls them growing pains.

None of this is new, of course, except that the party is growing in numbers and stature faster than usual, and consequently there is more pain. Reactionaries have vicariously buried the Farmer-Labor Party a thousand times, and the purging process has gone on constantly. In fact, the state has three major industries: (1) burying the Farmer-Labor Party; (2) Red-baiting, and (3) the winning step by step of progressive victories.

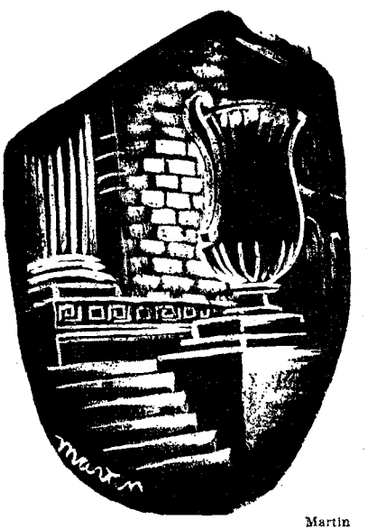
All three divisions have been well illustrated in Minneapolis these last few weeks: (1) Mayor Thomas E. Latimer bolted the regular Farmer-Labor convention to run against the endorsed F.-L. candidate, upon which the newspapers promptly lowered the coffin into the grave; (2) Mr. Latimer, with some really efficient helpers at his side, engaged in the most expert Red-baiting campaign to date; and (3) the people of Minneapolis defeated Mr. Latimer at the polls in the primary.

The vote was close, to be sure, with Kenneth C. Haycraft, endorsed F.-L. candidate, being nominated by a margin of only 236 votes, but the political experts, even those supporting Haycraft, had been of the opinion that Latimer, with a combination of falsification, tainted support, plenty of money, and a city-hall machine had the thing in the bag. Betting odds were heavy against Haycraft.

Latimer is typical of the fellow whose opportunism has apparently been too much for him. He was a labor lawyer, and at least a medium good one. But once elected mayor, he found it easier to buckle to the employers. He escorted scabs through picket lines on one occasion, allowed his police to use tear gas, clubs, and machine guns against workers on another (two innocent bystanders were killed), and did nothing about importation of thugs. Labor vowed to defeat him.

When it became obvious this spring that the city Farmer-Labor convention would not renominate him, Latimer and his followers bolted to hold a convention of their own. With several aldermen, he decided to file against the F.-L. convention's candidates. Under Minnesota laws, primaries are non-partisan, with two persons nominated for each office. Since it was assured that the reactionary candidate would cinch one of the two places, it became obvious that Latimer and Haycraft (who was nominated by the regular F.-L. convention) would stage a bitter fight for the other.

Most of labor's representatives (labor unions affiliate directly with the Farmer-Labor Association, which nominates party candidates) stayed in the regular convention. A. H. Urtubees, chairman of the Central Labor Union and also chairman of the Hennepin County Farmer-Labor Association, L. Boerebach, vice-chairman of the Central Labor Union, and Sander Genis, business agent for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and head of the C.I.O. in this state, were strong factors. Selected as candidate was Kenneth C. Haycraft, thirty-year-old former All-America football star, who used to play end for Minnesota University. It was his first stand for election, but the late Gov. Floyd B. Olson brought him into the liberal movement several years ago. Among other duties, he had headed a unit of the national guard which raided the notorious vigilante Citizens' Alliance during the truck drivers' strike in 1934.



Martin

Main support for Latimer—at least the open support—came from two sources: a group of politicians who thought they could seize city—and possibly state—Farmer-Labor control through a Latimer nomination, and a small group of labor leaders who seemed to see a lot of things, most of them a bit nightmarish and subject to change. The latter were the Trotskyites, who took a number of positions, seeming to walk around and around in circles until their cries came but dimly from the jungle. Miles Dunne, one of the Dunne brothers who led General Drivers' Union Local 544 here, was a chief speaker at the Latimer rump convention, contending that the Communists had taken charge of the regular convention, a theory maintained to the bitter end. All Farmer-Labor leaders, including Roger Rutchick, secretary to Gov. Elmer A. Benson, were passed off as "Communist stooges," and the Latimer followers were declared in the next issue of the *Northwest Organizer,* Local 544 newspaper, to be the real Farmer-Laborites.

The peculiar philosophy of Trotsky's followers makes their task a particularly trying one in Minnesota. The Dunne brothers, chief exponents, lead one of the most powerful labor unions, but its truck-driving members are almost 100-percent bona-fide Farmer-Laborites, and consequently the Trotskyist leaders must soft-pedal their theoretical opposition to the Farmer-Labor Party. In the November elections, the problem was solved by Vincent R. Dunne's "critical candidacy" for secretary of state on the Socialist ticket, but this time their hatred for the Communists drove them straight into the arms of Latimer, a gentleman with whom they had in the past exchanged many a full-mouthed insult. Latimer-baiting had been for a long time the chief occupation for the *Northwest Organizer's* editorial writers, while Latimer on his side felt so strongly that he asked J. Edgar Hoover if something couldn't be done about them.

However, the turn toward support for Latimer seemed a little too much for national Socialist leadership, and a committee consisting of Harry Laidler of New York, Andrew Biemiller of Wisconsin, and Francis Heisler of Chicago arrived to see what was the matter. The upshot was Vincent R. Dunne's filing for mayor on the Socialist ticket. But forgetting was not easy. The final issue of the *Northwest Organizer* before election carried a vigorous attack on Haycraft, without mentioning Latimer at all, and on the reactionary candidates only inferentially. The Communists are strongly of the opinion that Trotsky-

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ites also had a hand in Latimer publicity. A piece of the mayor's literature attacking the Communists carried the word "revolutionary" in quotation marks, and I am informed by official spokesmen for the Communist Party that nobody but a Trotskyite would write it that way.

Whoever wrote it, Latimer's four-page newspaper, *Farmer-Labor Leader* (which Latimer hoped would be mistaken by voters for the official Farmer-Labor organ, *Minnesota Leader*), was a neat bit of Red-baiting, showing what can be done when former left-wingers let themselves go. It was not all Red-baiting, of course, for, as the *Farmer-Labor Leader* itself said, "Mayor Latimer's campaign has been one of quiet logic and an appeal to the voter's intelligence." The reader could easily check this for himself by glancing across the page at the following bit of logic: "Little Audrey laughed and laughed. She said she couldn't understand how an All-American end could turn into an All-American heel so quickly." But the advance notice on Mayor Latimer's free hot-dog roast soon turned into a theoretical piece on the world revolution, and from then on it followed the line laid down by Harold Lord Varney's fascist *Awakener,* although lacking its *savoir faire.*

On the whole, however, the fake *Farmer-Labor Leader,* issued before the official *Minnesota Leader's* special edition in support of Haycraft, did considerable harm. It confused voters (especially as the *Minnesota Leader* had formerly been called the *Farmer-Labor Leader*), and perhaps more than anything else underlined the lack of a wide-circulating Farmer-Labor daily newspaper which could clearly outline the issues.

Latimer may contest the primary, of course, but no one expects him to gain votes by it, and there is a good chance, since his men were largely in charge of counting, that he will lose some. The vote averaged about the usual primary turnout—not heavy. Haycraft got 25,551 votes, Latimer 25,313. National Guard General George E. Leach, reactionary, got almost as many as both of them, totaling 50,691, indicating a tough, hard campaign between now and the June 14 election. Vincent R. Dunne received 893 votes. Latimer's candidates for aldermen, where they contested with regulars, were defeated. An interesting result was that in the Sixth Ward, Harry Mayville, in court on election day standing trial charged with having intimidated reactionary state senators in the People's Lobby mass march on the state capitol recently, but nominated for alderman, received only a hundred votes less than the leader. Mayville, who ran on the Communist ticket on several occasions and who, according to local Communist headquarters, is a member of the state committee of the Communist Party, was prominently—to say the least—mentioned in Latimer's *Farmer-Labor Leader,* and a picture of his headquarters with a Haycraft sign on it was shown as proof of Communist support for the regular mayoralty nominee.

Lithograph by Joseph Leboit

But if victory for the better elements of the Farmer-Labor Party was not great in number of votes, it was tremendous in portent. For it was turned out by simple hard work on the part of rank-and-file leaders working under the direction of a committee made up entirely of trade-union officials, leaders of ward clubs (some ward clubs reneged to back Latimer), and representatives of the unemployed. It portrayed the growing intelligence and independence of the ordinary, every-day voting masses of people.

This transference of Farmer-Labor leadership from individuals to labor and the farmer is the most important aspect of the Minnesota situation today. It is true that the original victories came about on a sort of people's-front basis, with joint action by Farmer-Laborites, Socialists (before the predominance of the Trotskyites) and a large section of the Democrats, but decisions were made by leaders of the various factions. Governor Olson used to have what he called an "all-party" group which functioned during election time in an effort to unite various forces. It was a critical time in those pioneering days, of course, and anything like sectarianism would have left the Farmer-Laborites still a long way from office. They always had to pick a "respectable" candidate, and often as not he turned to the ultra "respectable" Republicans for considerable advice once he was in office. It was only luck that Gov. Floyd B. Olson happened to be one of those fellows with "front" and still enough strength, courage, and foresight gradually to work the party in the direction outlined in campaign platforms.

But no one in these parts holds any illusions about the management of the Farmer-Labor Party under the late governor. He controlled it largely, but was never able to work it entirely away from certain individuals who had powerful private machines, some of them strengthened through Olson's own patronage and securely entrenched in state departments. But if control was not in the hands of the rank and file, it was mostly their own fault. They weren't ready for it.

But they are now, and Gov. Elmer A. Benson is not only willing that they should have it, but is actively depending upon them in the bitter machine fight against him. For Benson has no machine—unless the masses are a machine. In attempting to cut away those individuals who are hampering enactment of the Farmer-Labor program, he has secured their undying hatred, a hatred which may lead them into the outstretched arms of the reactionaries. His job is actively to encourage and prod the masses into action, lending them confidence in themselves, while he holds the middle-aged group who like to think of themselves as liberals, but many of whom are beginning to mutter at further pressing of reforms. It is not simple, this major problem which confronts a people's front.

The defeat of Latimer is an encouraging victory in this most important campaign. And here Benson took a typically strong, if quiet, position. The state central committee of the party lent a helping hand by officially recognizing the convention which endorsed Haycraft, and the Benson forces voted for the proposal. In a like situation in 1933, the state committee stayed out.

But the election is not yet won. General Leach, who has been mayor four times in the past, got a surprisingly large vote in the primaries, and newspapers are excitedly predicting his victory. Reactionaries will be united behind him, while a safe prediction of the same for Haycraft cannot be made. What Latimer and the group around him will do, whether they will quietly support Leach or organize a "stay at home" campaign, is vitally important, as is the stand Socialists are to take. Most of the old Socialists are now production-for-use Farmer-Laborites, having left the Socialist Party. A typical example of this process occurred recently when the present Socialist leaders decided a bit of disciplining would be good for a member of wide influence who had endorsed the People's Lobby march on the state capitol. He received a letter explaining the value of discipline, and that he should immediately remove his name from the Lobby call. His reply was a one-line letter suggesting his idea of a fitting place for the letter-writer's retirement, and enclosing the Socialist card which he had carried most of his lifetime. But those left, the Trotskyites, have considerable influence, and should their theoretical generals decide that the election of Leach will in some manner enhance chances of the "world revolution," it will not be so good. Without openly supporting the reactionary candidate, they may continue vicious attacks on Haycraft, relieving the capitalist newspapers of the job of Red-baiting. Several thousand voters might be affected.

It is a test for the Minnesota rank and file, with the result vastly important to the state and national Farmer-Labor movement.

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Green versus the C. I. O.

The bitterness of his fight against Lewis reflects his own bankruptcy

By Bruce Minton and John Stuart

WHEN the delegates arrived in San Francisco for the 1934 convention of the American Federation of Labor, two factions had formed within the executive council, each straining for control. John L. Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, an industrial union, realized that unrest among the workers not only gave the A. F. of L. the opportunity to unionize the unorganized, but also that such a move had become imperative if the Federation were to serve any useful purpose. Moreover, the new drive must build industrial unions (which would include all crafts and occupations within a given industry, whether skilled or unskilled) in the basic industries of steel, rubber, automobile, oil, and textile. The health of Lewis's own union was at stake: the United Mine Workers could not survive unless the mass-production industries were organized.

William Hutcheson, carpenters' chief, head of the largest craft organization; Matthew Woll, sovereign of the reactionaries; and many other craft officials objected to the campaign for industrial unionism because they feared it would destroy or absorb their own unions. The convention compromised: acknowledging the need for industrial organization in principle, while further declaring that craft and industrial unions could exist harmoniously side by side within the A. F. of L., the executive council put through a suitably vague resolution agreeing that organization should begin and intimating that it would start in the coming year.

Nothing happened. The delegates realized even before the 1935 convention in Atlantic City that so long as the executive council ran things, they would be fed speeches, not results. Certainly, they could not expect timid William Green to take the initiative against the majority of the council. He was far too occupied scurrying about trying to find some nonexistent middle ground in the controversy.

The factions lined up at Atlantic City for the showdown that could no longer be postponed. Those backing the industrial drive declared their intention of aiding the campaign in steel and spurring similar campaigns in other industries. It was time, they announced, for action. They would see that American labor got it.

Immediately after the convention, eight of the largest unions in the A. F. of L. formed the Committee for Industrial Organization to carry through their decision. Clearly, Hutcheson, Woll, Morrison, Wharton, and the other diehards on the executive council would never tolerate the C.I.O. With only the past to guide him, William Green tagged pathetically after the craft group. Afraid of Lewis, Green blustered and retreated. Though he was a member of Lewis's union, Green had long since renounced struggle as a union weapon. For years he had been out of contact with the realities of working-class life. True, he still visited Coshocton, O., and reminisced with the home-town boys. But mining remained a hazy memory glimpsed by William Green through the charts and figures that littered his desk. In a panic over the bitterness of the struggle within the Federation, Green feebly attempted to play the historic role of great conciliator.

He was miscast. Trade unionists failed to respond to his flowery orations as industrialists seemingly had once responded. In an attempt to show authority that he had never possessed, Green drew himself to his full stature as president of the A. F. of L. and ordered Lewis to abandon the C.I.O. Lewis responded by resigning from the executive council. One after the other, central trades and labor councils, federal unions, even the membership of the craft unions, defied Green, and in the face of his empty threats openly sympathized with and supported the C.I.O.

As a last resort, Green capitulated to the diehards on the executive council, who decided to show the insubordinate unions within the C.I.O. that they could not disregard tradition without paying dearly. To the solemn reminder issued by the council that those unions affiliated with the C.I.O. were guilty of violating the dread taboo of dual unionism, Lewis and his supporters replied that they were only too eager to remain within the Federation. But, they pointed out, the attempt to organize workers for whom no unions existed, or to bring them into unions already set up but not functioning, hardly constituted dual unionism. The executive council could make no impression on the rebels. There remained but one last warning to be exercised before expulsion: Green and the executive council "tried" the offenders (though those on trial, realizing they were already judged and found guilty, refused to appear when summoned) and proceeded to suspend all unions affiliated with the C.I.O.—one-third of the A. F. of L. membership. The council understood quite well that under the A. F. of L. constitution these suspensions were illegal. That knowledge did not restrain Green or his associates; they abandoned all pretense of preserving unity within the Federation or of considering the wishes of the majority of the membership.

"The issue," Green repeated, as if his repetition would have magical effect, "raised by the action of the eight international unions referred to, is not craft unionism versus industrial unionism, but rather the question whether organization policies determined by a majority vote of the delegates in attendance at a convention shall be carried out." And again, "The question is: cannot working-men and -women of this nation, through their chosen representatives, meet as a family, and then, as a family, after threshing out their problems thoroughly, settle their differences; and finally, can we not go out as *one* in the economic field and fight for policies we adopt?"

Democracy, majority rule, one big family. Democracy in conventions where delegates were handpicked by the heads of the international and national unions. Majority rule in the face of the executive council's refusal to carry out the mandate of the convention which called for organization of all workers not already in unions. One big family despite Green's refusal to listen to the C.I.O.'s suggestion that at the 1936 Tampa convention the suspended unions be allowed full vote in return for a promise to abide by the majority decision of the delegates.

Furthermore, Green's lofty words, judged by his own "democratic" methods in Detroit and Akron late in 1935, had an ironical ring to them. When Green arrived in Detroit to present an international charter to the auto workers, he replied to objections and questions concerning the wording of the charter: "Take this or nothing." Waving aside an election, he appointed Francis J. Dillon president of the union over the protests of the majority of delegates. He handpicked the entire executive board, eliminating all leaders who had participated in strike action during the two previous years.

Immediately thereafter, Green hurried to Akron on the similar mission of delivering an international charter to the rubber workers. The delegates, forewarned by his arbitrary dictation in Detroit, demanded "democratic procedure." Green responded, "You can neither accept, nor reject, nor change any of this charter. I confer it on you. That's why you're here!" But the rubber workers defied Green's "democracy" and elected their own progressive officers.

BY THE BEGINNING of 1937, the executive council, with Green as its spokesman, no longer troubled to conceal its strike-breaking tactics. When the United Automobile Workers, backed by the C.I.O., struck the General Motors Corp.'s plants in Detroit, Flint, and elsewhere, and demanded collective bargaining

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and better conditions, Green openly fought the strike. Reinforcing General Motors' refusal to recognize the auto workers' union, Green chose the critical moment of the strike, when vigilantes were on the verge of attacking the workers, to insist that no agreement made between the corporation and the strikers could "abrogate the collective-bargaining rights of A. F. of L. unions employed by the corporation." The management of General Motors seized on Green's request for recognition of the craft unions—which had hitherto refused to organize auto workers and which had managed to enroll only a handful of the highly skilled—as an excuse for withholding exclusive bargaining rights from the C.I.O. union. When, despite Green's feverish efforts to break the strike, the auto workers' union won exclusive recognition in twenty of the company's plants, higher wages, and other far-reaching concessions, Green dismissed the victory—the first ever won in the auto industry—with an expression of "regret" that the "settlement represents a surrender."

Things were going from bad to worse with William Green and the executive council. The membership of the United Mine Workers, which Green had joined in 1890 while still living in Coshocton, condemned him along with John P. Frey "for their gratuitous, insulting, anti-union, strike-breaking statements," and empowered the union's international officers to take steps to expel Green. Without union affiliation, Green would be unable to continue as president of the Federation. Happily for Green, the expulsion had to be ratified by a committee from his old local at Coshocton, where William's brother Hugh ruled as secretary. Moreover, the badgered president was not without friends: just as a precaution, James C. Petrillo, president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians and an ardent craft-union supporter, inveigled his union into electing the ex-miner to membership. Even his close associates on the executive council had not guessed that sometime during his long and not too arduous career William Green had become a one-finger virtuoso of the piano.

As the C.I.O. campaign accelerated, William Green's former serenity changed to bitter petulance. Terrified by the progress of industrial unionism, Green struck out at the progressives with blind viciousness. He ordered state and central labor bodies to expel all unions affiliated to the C.I.O., but in the majority of cases, locals tabled his instructions. He removed the charter of the Columbus Central Labor Council in Ohio. He allowed John P. Frey to "advise" the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp.'s company union—which rejected Frey's aid because he advocated craft forms and the company unions objected that craft organization was impractical and outdated! . . . He attacked the sit-down strikes, so successfully employed by workers in mass-production industries, calling them "illegal," fuming that "Both personally and officially I disavow the sit-down strike as part of the economic and organization policy of the American Federation of Labor." William Green, who had long masked his weakness, now stood before the American labor movement a defeated man, exposed in all his confusion.

The rule by tradition had led to collapse. Green neither added to his inheritance, nor changed it, nor detracted from it. He merely went along wherever it led. He had followed Gompers's rule book; he had insisted that labor should remain non-partisan, that it should "reward its friends, punish its enemies," that organized labor should be kept in narrow craft channels. He had decreed, in effect, that the interests of the many defer to the demands of the few. Proudly, in 1930, he had accepted the Theodore Roosevelt Medal for his "new policy of coöperation in industry, representing the American concept of industrialism and self-reliance and fighting with success the disruptive influence of the radical element preaching communism and class war."

Once he had been a miner. Once some had thought of him as a variety of liberal. After twelve years, William Green of Coshocton, O., still addressed Rotary luncheons and wore a dress suit with ease, but the structure that Samuel Gompers had built and that he inherited crumbled about him. After twelve years, John L. Lewis expressed the opinion of the majority of American workers when he called his former associate "cowardly and contemptible." For, in Lewis's words, William Green "sells his own breed down the river and receives the thanks of the National Association of Manufacturers."

(This is the third of a series of three articles on William Green.)

"Poor Herman can't help it; he was brought up in the Gompers tradition." A. Alar

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You're It, Mr. Raskob

The ceremonies surrounding Father's Day bring a nomination to America's Number One financial sleight-of-hand trickster

A Letter from Osro Mist, nē W. C. Kelly

SILVER RULE FOUNDATION
"Do Unto Others—And Do It First"
1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
OSRO MIST

Mr. John J. Raskob,
c/o The du Ponts,
Wilmington, Del.

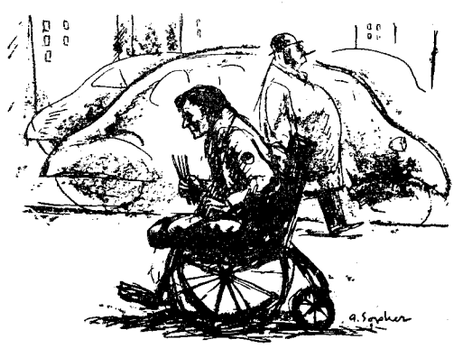
DEAR MR. RASKOB: I have your recent letter wondering if the Silver Rule Foundation can choose you for the "typical American father" in connection with the national celebration of Father's Day the third Sunday in June. I wonder, too. I don't know where you got the idea that the Silver Rule Foundation, a purely charitable institution, not affiliated with any political or religious group, is going to select a "typical American father" for Father's Day, but maybe you're right. Perhaps you noticed that the Golden Rule Foundation, our honorable and sly competitor, chose a "typical American mother" for Mother's Day—and she turned out to be the wife of the president of the Union Pacific Railroad, Carl R. Gray, with an income of $100,000 or so a year. Anyhow, the Golden Rule Foundation, which is pretty stiff competition for us, got a lot of publicity out of this stunt. They put Mrs. Gray on the radio all over the country and she became the symbol of the well-known American fact that if Americans get married with only four dollars in their pockets, like Mr. and Mrs. Gray did, they will end up in the multi-millionaire class. With competion like this, Mr. Raskob, you can see that the Silver Rule has got to do something.

Now, as it happens, you are not the only one under consideration for "typical American father." You can understand this. That is the way you would want it. You wouldn't want to win anything without having to struggle for it, like you did for your fortune in General Motors. Of course, I realize that your happening to get a job as secretary to Pierre S. du Pont, of Wilmington, Del., may have given you the inside track when the insiders in General Motors got under way, but the fact remains you were on the inside. It is great to be on the inside in these matters, and it is always best not to go into them too deeply. The Silver Rule Foundation will observe this rule in its selection of the "typical American father."

I want you to understand, furthermore, Mr. Raskob, that if we *do* choose you as "typical American father," it will not be because you are rich. This will not enter into our consideration, unless it slips in through every door and window in No. 1 Wall Street. Our "father" must be "typical," and he wouldn't be unless the average American had a chance for this honor. The figures are a matter of record, that 42 percent of the population of our country has the same total income as one tenth of one percent of the population, the richest group. So, you see, under the system to be observed by the Silver Rule Foundation, your chances for becoming the "typical American father" are very slight indeed. For example, I stopped this letter here to shake in a hat thousands of names of average citizens, and then I drew all the names out. You were not there. It then occurred to me that I had forgotten to put your name in. This was, to say the least, not scientific, and we were certainly not getting anywhere if we were to compete with the Golden Rule Foundation, our esteemed and shifty competitor.

I believe, after the experiment with the hat, that it is just as well to go ahead and consider exclusively the one tenth of one percent of Americans. Otherwise, I don't see how you are ever going to get to the top in this profession of being a typical American. So I have put new names in the hat and will try again.

Paul Mellon's name comes out first. Paul, the son of Andrew W. Mellon, of Pittsburgh. I believe you have it over Paul, Mr. Raskob, although he has done real well since he graduated from Yale several years ago. In a few months he worked his way up from a bank clerk in the Mellon Bank at Pittsburgh to membership on the boards of directors of many of America's largest corporations. Such swift progress by sons and other close relatives of the one tenth of one percent is now very American. But where you have it over Paul is that he is barely old enough to be really a father. We will investigate further his status in this regard.



A. Sopher

Next we drew out the name of Tommy Manville. Then Phil Plant. You still lead the field, Mr. Raskob. But here we have the name of J. P. Morgan! That will be something for the Golden Rule Foundation, our venerable and questionable competitor, to chew on. You will have to admit, Mr. Raskob, that if we gents at the Silver Rule could put over J. P. Morgan as the "typical American father," our competitor would be sitting up nights. But at the same time, we want to be fair with you, Mr. Raskob. They say that Mr. Morgan is typical of the one tenth of one percent we are now considering for the job because he didn't pay any income tax for a few years recently. Don't let this worry you, though, for I see that you didn't either in 1930. This although you admitted being worth ten million net. Well, that is pretty fair going even if I say so. You slipped out of paying income taxes by establishing "capital losses"—selling stock back and forth between you and your friend, Pierre S. du Pont. And what a good idea that was—about the blank checks—I mean.

Your 1929 record is still better, I see, according to the government, when you and Mr. du Pont in three cross-sales of stock established "losses" of $7,496,170 without finally parting from the stocks. I know these losses were hard to take. But I believe you took them, when they came, like a "typical American"—one of the one tenth of one percent. In a word, Mr. Raskob, I think your sacrifice automatically eliminates Mr. Morgan from our further consideration. The Silver Rule Foundation takes pleasure, therefore, in naming you It—that is, the "typical American father." (Take that, you boys up at the Golden Rule!)

I remain, Mr. Raskob,
Cordially yours,
(signed) OSRO MIST, *President*,
Silver Rule Foundation.

P. S.: I am enclosing a medal, a necktie, and a check for five dollars, all of which go with the award. You are to wear the medal and the necktie at the nation-wide radio broadcast which our Silver Rule Foundation will sponsor. Perhaps you and du Pont can split the five dollars. You will recognize the figures inscribed on one side of the medal as yourself and Mr. du Pont, waving a flag—the Liberty League banner—with the slogans "ECONOMY" and "CUT DOWN RELIEF." On the reverse side is a line of unemployed before a relief station. They represent millions of other people. They are also Americans.

O. M.

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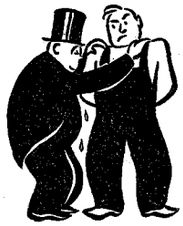
HEW TO THE LINE

By Simon Eddy

THE merest intimation of censorship is enough to set us a-bristle with embattlement, one foot extended toward the picket line, one arm stretched out for a protestant telegraph blank. But our readers surely deserve to know of an awful moment of disarmed pause which actually permitted us to wonder whether censorship didn't have its points. It was during that brief, brief period when Italy was good and mad at English journalism and wouldn't print any news about John Bull's islands. Yet something very noisy was taking place in London, and the Italians unfortunately had advance knowledge of it. So this Dublin dispatch came through: "The coronation of King George of England took place this morning." That, and not another syllable. Now: does censorship have possibilities, or are we crazy?

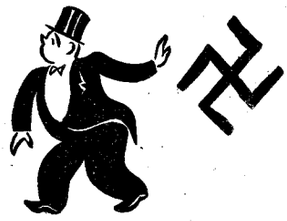
THE KIND OF SOLICITUDE that brought corporations to form folksy trade unions right in the home office for their employees has always touched us deeply—but the emotional impulse that drove the Consolidated Edison Co., according to the charge in a formal complaint against them by the National Labor Relations Board, to "contribute financial or other sup-



port" to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, an A. F. of L. affiliate, strikes us as being positively maudlin. Gentlemen, gentlemen! Where is your Spartan ancestry? Would you unspine your brood of workers with so uncontrolled an excess of paternal ardor?

HENRY FORD, whom we used to think of as an industrialist, has gone pamphleteer-philosopher in a collection of Fordisms intended to combat the organizing activities of the United Automobile Workers of America. The available instances are, frankly, lousy. Here's one: "If you go into a union, they've got you, and what have you got?" We're afraid Mr. Ford's public-relations department will have to do much better than that, and, even when it's good, the workers aren't likely to pay any attention. Better gag the stuff up some, boys, and ship it f.o.b to this page. Watch the vulgarity and mind your class angle.

EVERYONE was somewhat taken aback when Grandma, after getting the prize for making the funniest face in the room, complained a little testily that she hadn't even been playing. William Hard charged up grandmawise at a recent luncheon of the Westchester



County Women's Republican Club and denied that the Dodd warning of a billionaire backer for fascism could possibly refer to a G.O.P. man. How come you spoke up so fast, mister? The prize hasn't even been bestowed yet. Some of us weren't even sure you were playing.

BOROUGH PRESIDENT GEORGE U. HARVEY of Queens is pretty nauseated by the ingratitude of civic unresponsiveness to his offer to clear New York of Communists within two weeks, and has accordingly made a threat which offers a new definition of the civilized way of life. "If I can't hold public office by getting American votes, I'm going to get out of here and go up to Maine or Vermont and live like a gentleman." Easy does it, Georgie. Better call up first and find out whether Alf Landon will move over and make room for you. Even Alf, they say, is fussy.

SINGING IN THE STREETS and turning over the proceeds to Spain is one of the most laudable actions we can think of, but nothing, in our opinion, should condone misquotation or mock-elegance. When the singers delivered their funds, a spokesman is said to have apologized with "We sing not very well, but loudly." Bobby Clark said it first when he teamed with the late Paul McCullough, and he said it better: "We don't sing good, but we sing loud." No tampering with immortal language, please, even for Spain.

THE CONTRIBUTORS, incidentally, have finally perked up their pretty little ears and begun a campaign to turn Hew to the Line into their own wide playground. Brightest of the efforts to date is a parody on a song in *The Pirates of Penzance,* by one H. J. F.

I am the very model of a fascist major-general,
I promise to each nation every vegetable and mineral;
I know the heads of fascist states and even each prime minister
And love to cook up plots against Red Russia which are sinister.

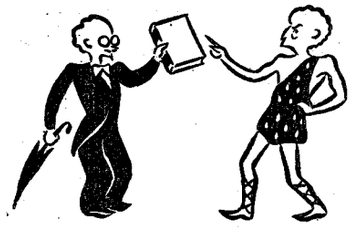
I'm very well acquainted with political formality,
Like arms for all my rebels and a strictly fair neutrality;
At poison gas and throwing bombs I'm quite without superior,
As well as starting blazing fires right in Madrid's interior.

The torture of all prisoners is one of my perversities;
I like to pillage each museum and bomb all universities;
I've got a way with soldiers, both Italian and Moroccoan,
And foreign correspondents who write stories Knickerbockoan.

I've quite a fixed aversion, too, toward people's fronts victorious,
Which aim to overthrow each Spanish heritage that's glorious;
So, if you want a share in every vegetable and mineral,
Just send a load of arms to me, the fascist major-general.

Postscript to H. J. F.: The first couplet of your third stanza is not a rhyme, but an identity. Just one of your correspondent's little craft concerns. Watch it, please.

AT LEAST HALF of the Trotsky-conscious population was deeply relieved for this melancholy exile when his series of attacks on the Soviet Union appeared in the Hearst press a couple of years ago: then it began to be clear what the wanderer's role in life could be. In the May 22 issue of the magazine *Liberty,* the



second half of the T.-c. p. is provided with the final clarification: Bernarr Macfadden, to demonstrate that Russian workers are the victims of a bureaucratic government, finds his authority in nothing less than his comrade's *The Revolution Betrayed.* Leon, your basic function is now unmistakable. Do not chafe *chez* Rivera in Coyoacan; the long-distance call to drop in at Henry Ford's office should take place any minute now.

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READERS' FORUM

From a letter to Joan Crawford—Cartoon animators on strike—In memoriam, Julius Rosenthal

Destroyer *Alcala Galiano,*
Cartagena Naval Base, Spain.

Miss Joan Crawford,
(Per kind favor of NEW MASSES.)

● Dear Friend: We see by press reports that you were so kind as to attend a meeting in Hollywood at which a considerable sum of money was collected for the fight in Spain against international fascism. I have been instructed by a delegation representing the personnel of the fleet to write and tell you how they feel about you and your participation in the event. . . .

It just seemed kind of natural to us that Joan Crawford helped us at that meeting in Hollywood. She has always seemed to us to be just that sort of gal. And we are glad for Joan's sake, too, and for all the poor "extras" in Hollywood, because it is a good sign when people start helping others. It often means that they will next consider helping themselves. . . .

And thanks a million for every dollar you helped send. Some of our boys will have their wounds dressed twice a week instead of once, and a lot won't die that would have. If you don't want to get me lynched, you will acknowledge this letter, because these boys are developing the habit of getting things done and have told me to get busy and write to you for **them.**

And the Commandante of this ship (which is one of those that stole right in under the fifteen-inch guns of Cueta and shelled the fascist animals), whose name is Diego J. Maron, wants to send you a little personal message, so I must leave some room. And what we have said to you goes, in part, for all the others who helped at that meeting. Thanks a lot.

JOSÉ PEREZ.

[Following is our translation of the Commandante's postscript.—EDS.]

My greetings, full of admiration, to the lovely star and fellow-democrat, Joan Crawford.

DIEGO J. MARON.

Professor Nash Elucidates

● In your issue of May 11, on page 22 [Hew to the Line], you have what is reported to be an extract from the talk which I gave at the American Physical Education convention. I am sure that this report could not have been written by anyone who heard my talk, as it represents almost exactly the opposite point of the compass from what I said and what I believe.

What I said is somewhat as follows, which you may publish if you desire: "There is a tendency over the world for countries to divide into what I should like to term 'We' countries and 'I' countries. These 'We' countries represent the totalitarian philosophy—the philosophy of dictatorship of a small number representing the group. On the other hand, we have what I should like to term 'I' countries, and here I would class the United States. Here we see individualism carried to the *n*th degree. In between these two ideas I visualize true democracy, which is well illustrated at the present time by the Scandinavian countries. In this democracy the individual must give up some individual freedom for the group, and the group must in turn react for the individual. In other words, I would illustrate this by teamwork of an athletic-team situation. Instead of advocating compulsory sports which would make the young strong—'frankly, strong for war,' I condemn this situation vigorously with the statement that no such situation could exist in a free country."

I feel that as soon as you are acquainted with the facts of the situation you will take steps to correct the impression made in your issue.

JAY B. NASH,
Professor of Education,
New York University.

From a Leaflet Issued by the Fleischer Strikers

Betty Boop and Popeye

● Speaking of art-for-art's sake (or weren't we?), I'm sure your readers from coast to coast will be interested to know that Betty Boop, Popeye the Sailor Man, and other animated figures produced by the Max Fleischer studios have gone on the picket line. And the Commercial Artists' & Designers' Union (A. F. of L. Local 20329) as a consequence is asking friends everywhere to inform movie exhibitors they object to having any of the Fleischer pictures shown pending the settlement of the strike.

As one of the strikers, I want to tell you what it's all about. In the first place, although our drawings make the whole world laugh, we are forced to work—and believe me, it's highly skilled and very exacting work!—for pay as low in some cases as fifteen dollars a week. In the second place, our employer, flouting the Wagner act, fired eighteen of us for joining a union. In the third place, we have been forced to work without vacations or sick leave, so that some of us haven't had any time off in six or seven years, and others of us have been forced by our miserable pay to work even when we're sick. In the fourth place, our wages were cut in half during the worst part of the depression, but now, when our employer admits that things have improved greatly for him, those pay cuts haven't been restored.

So it's plain that we need your support. Fleischer has resorted to all kinds of intimidation to break our strike—and he has even been willing to sabotage his own product by getting it out in very inferior form through the use of unskilled scabs. Don't let him get away with it!

G. F.

Death of a Revolutionist

● We learned the other day that Julius Rosenthal had been killed in the Jarama River battle fighting with the Abraham Lincoln Battalion in Spain. Those of us who knew him—and seemingly there was no one in New York who did not know Julius—responded slowly at first to the published casualty list, then with an awakening consciousness to the full stature of Julius Rosenthal, upon whose life death had set a final seal. His last act climaxed the achievement of an intense, honest man, rounding out the life of a revolutionary in the twentieth century. . . .

You may have seen Julius in his brief moments of repose, dining at May's or Nikolaus's, drinking a clipper cocktail at the Hotel Albert, or subjecting himself to the barber's shears of Henri at the Brevoort, a short, wiry man with a shock of careless gray hair, dry humor at the mouth, and eyes that were never still. You may have heard his explosive indignation at false rafters on a ceiling, at a bad design, or at the priapus atop the Empire State. Or you may have been swept away by his generous contempt for the bastardization of our culture through false values a capitalist economy sets store by. Or you might have heard him tell with an enthusiasm he could not restrain of another man or woman who was at last arriving at political maturity. Perhaps you might even have been so fortunate as to have been one of his concerns, and the tale might have told about you.

You called him "Julius" if you did not wish to earn his ire. Some of the younger men, whose academic scruples of reverence for authority had not completely worn away, risked calling him "Herr Doktor." It was very difficult at times to admit with Julius the absurdity of the German discipline of pre-War days that led to the doctorate. And you tried to reconcile the impossible, this manifold life of restless activity, this irrepressible contempt for the shibboleths and false moralities of a capitalist world, this unsubdued indignation for the abuse of human life by the profit system, with the youth who was reared in the Prussian tradition, served his term in an officer's regiment of Kaiser Wilhelm's army, and submitted to the rigors of a German university to take a doctorate in Korean art. He was the prodigal of a wealthy Prussian family of landowners, and rebelled in his youth at his father's use of a whip on a serf as he violently rebelled in later years against the scourge of capitalism. His career here was as varied and comprehensive as you could expect of a man of almost limitless powers. But whether he designed a lamp that set a style for years to come, or built an art gallery for a Wall Street baron, or attempted to inject an appreciation of art into the girls at Bryn Mawr, his clarity of thought and honesty of mind had one focus, the American working class with which he later identified himself.

When he refused to compromise his conscience further, refusing to compromise his artistic craftsmanship and cultural heritage to meet the vulgarized tastes of monied patrons, he threw himself wholly into the movement for which he gave his life. The German workers' clubs will not easily forget the restless, energetic spirit that urged them on. Those New England mill towns will not readily forget their debt to the indomitable *auslaender* with the shock of gray hair and the sharp, alert eyes who dared invade the precincts of paternalism with his message of trade unionism. You can see him even now, boldly walking up to a boss foreman and asking for a job, pretending to be a benighted illiterate, and an alien to boot, whom factory owners think their safest material against unionization. And you can hear him laughing uproariously, leaving town one step ahead of a band of vigilantes—and leaving behind him a solidly established union nucleus.

He spent his recent years in the city that knew and loved him best, having rejected with scorn the careerism and monetary success that the capitalist world held out to him, preferring the hazardous lot that characterizes the economic position of the modern proletarian. When the fascists marched on Madrid, and the call for volunteers came, he ended his last affiliation, with the New York Emergency Relief Bureau, stating simply that "other interests" called him elsewhere. . . .

There can be no more fitting tribute in words to his memory than these words of a comrade-in-arms, present at his death when they carried him from the battlefront, written to a comrade here: "He died bravely, refusing to allow the doctors to touch him until they had attended all the younger men. . . . He was a great comrade. He died a hero, and will live forever. The comrades speak with hushed respect of the great old comrade who lay bleeding to death, and, knowing it, refused aid so that those younger comrades could be saved for the bigger struggles ahead. There are many such heroes, living and dead. Their stories will be told."

R. L. DAVIS.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Three forms of thought in fiction—How not to invest—Mrs. Stowe and Mr. White

THE three basic principles operating in the realm of thought—active, passive, and reflective—have a certain obvious correspondence to the philosophies of humanism, absolutism, and skepticism. They have a less exact, but none the less real, correspondence to the three facets of contemporary politics—communism, fascism, and liberalism.

Professor Slochower* sees modern man poised between religious absolutism and socialist humanism, with bourgeois liberalism, like the needle of a pocket compass, oscillating between the two, but moving more and more toward the latter. It is necessary to Professor Slochower's thesis that we note that he does not conceive of these ideologies as static historical concepts—that is to say, as stages in a progressive evolution along a straight line. Not at all. He sees them, in the dialectical manner, as moving components of an as yet unresolved flux—combining, overlapping, breaking, recombining.

It is in this dialectical sense that the title of these highly interesting critical essays is to be understood. The title is not, as one might at first suppose, an invitation to choose one of three alternatives, but rather an invitation to discern, in the mercurial motions of an evolving society, the operation of the three basic traits of human thought and conduct.

In order to illuminate such a process, Professor Slochower has followed a novel, and in the main a useful, plan.

Unlike the twilight of the Greek world, which Professor Slochower sees mirrored in Plato, and that of the mediæval world, which he sees portrayed in the poetry of Dante, the twilight of the day that is not quite over, that is, the twilight of our own day, is necessarily as yet without its monument. There is not now, and probably will not be for some time, he says, *one* complete formulation.

It is therefore necessary to synthesize, from the work of those who are exponents of one or another of the facets of "the tremendous displacement of values" which is the characteristic of our epoch. In attempting this synthesis Professor Slochower discards the pretentious claim of philosophy—the feudal or Catholic emphasis of Santayana, the so thoroughly well-known liberalism of Russell and Dewey, the socialism of George Lucacs, and turns to the novelists.

Of all the forms of artistic expression, he says, the novel is today perhaps the richest. Its broad frame, for him, offers "the roomiest medium for expressing the bewildering complexity of the modern scene, and specifically the contradictory elements existent in the capitalist ethic." Accordingly, he selects three novels whose greatness is no longer contested —Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter,* Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* and Martin Anderson Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror.*

He presents the first as an exposition of feudal socialism; the second as a delineation of bourgeois liberalism; and the third as a depiction of socialist humanism. Undset's central concern, he says, is "with the soul of man, erring about in the midst of pain and error in a world of contingency from which man finds deliverance only in communion with God." He sees Thomas Mann as continuing "the Greek Renaissance tradition and its related spirit of Protestant individualism," and thinks that *The Magic Mountain* marks "the completion of the Faustian legend of self-development." And he regards Nexo as the novelist "of the ground and of that which springs from it, of work that renders play safe, of dreams in harmony with their environment."

"What *Kristin Lavransdatter, Remembrance of Things Past, Ulysses,* and *The Magic Mountain* are to the various strata of the bourgeoisie," says Professor Slochower, "*Pelle the Conqueror* is to the working class."

Professor Slochower's synopses of the three novels, and his discerning and often brilliant comments upon them, support his contention that they "sum up the most fruitful elements of contemporary civilization." Perhaps the adjective "fruitful" might better have been avoided, and one which contained no inherent judgment, such as "dynamic," might better have been substituted. But this is a small thing when seen from the solid and elevated ground of his main thesis.

There is only one major point against which a dissent must be entered. It is his statement that "for all their differences, Undset, Mann, and Nexo are yet combinable." They really are not, and it is perhaps specious and mechanical to argue for a united front in the realm of idea and theory. There can be a united front of the exponents of different theories on a specific issue, such as the fight against fascism, which Professor Slochower points to as an enemy of Catholicism, bourgeois liberalism, and socialism. But though they have a common enemy, they are not, as ideas, combinable. The dialectical synthesis occurs not in the world of ideas, but in the world of action, where the proponents of ideas contend for their supremacy, and the consequences of an idea are at last made manifest and real.

To the three essays discussed above, Professor Slochower has appended an able record of culture under fascism, which is a sorry spectacle indeed. Also a chapter entitled "Parallel Trends in the Novel," which covers too much ground too quickly.

HENRY HART.

Eastwood

*THREE WAYS OF MODERN MAN, *by Harry Slochower. With an introduction by Kenneth Burke. International Publishers. Regular,* $2; *popular,* $1.50.

Investor, Beware!

FALSE SECURITY, *by Bernard J. Reis. Equinox Coöperative Press, Inc.* $2.75.

THE most striking part of this book is the first sentence, which reads: "Simply stated, honesty plays little part in American business." And the most valuable is, probably, the last chapter, which suggests as the only out for the long-suffering small investor the formation of an investors' union. Such an organization would protect the interests of the individual, before investing, by careful examination of all security issues; after investing, by representation of small holders either at stock-holders' meetings or even on the boards of directors; and at all times by the furtherance of regulatory legislation and the exercise of vigilance generally in the investment field. With such a union, and awakened and militant small investors supporting it, much of the vicious chicanery which pervades an enormous percentage of the investment field in this country would be done away with.

Between the beginning and the end of his book, Mr. Reis analyzes a few of the many fields of investment, choosing for the most part those in which the investor has had for many years the most confidence as being truly safe and sane. Under this heading the issue of Hearst stock, which he treats in his first chapter, probably does not come. But the balance of the book, with its exhaustive examination of certain case histories in the tragic panorama of "safe" investments, presents a picture of sly robbery on the part of big business which ought to be read by every man who has any money to invest.

First among Mr. Reis's horrible examples is the mortgage-bond racket. A good quarter of the book is devoted to various aspects of this field, including every facet from the numerous malpractices used in the manipulation of mortgage-bond guarantees, through the question of falsification in bond prospec-

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tuses, to the final rooking of the investor by means of crooked, though eminently respectable, "reorganization committees." The mortgage bond has for decades been considered *the* safe investment for trust funds, for the inevitable widows and orphans, and for the cautious and canny business man. But times have changed; and no longer should you trust your savings to any guaranteed mortgage or real-estate bond, unless you personally know the mortgagor and have nohing to do with flashy intermediaries such as Straus, Westchester Title & Mortgage, and their ilk.

The same thing goes for foreign bonds. In one of his appendices, Mr. Reis draws up a total of foreign bond issues to the amount of $1,810,678,000, on which there was as of December 31, 1935, a shrinkage in value of $1,239,112,340. What is left is just about the value per ton of the paper the bonds were printed on. Investment trusts come in for much the same critical examination; the author's conclusion is that for the most part such trusts are frauds.

The point here, as well as in the author's examination of reorganization committees, trusteeships, bankruptcies, and the function of the certified public accountant is not that the investments were bad, or that the promoters showed bad judgment, or that the trustees and the C.P.A.'s were suckers. Sometimes they were, probably. But in the immense majority of cases they were just plain dishonest; they had no really workable code of ethics; they were all out to line their own pockets—and this goes for such unapproachables as Samuel Seabury and his deposit agreement for Straus bonds, and such lily-white banking firms as the Bank of Manhattan. The answer is, as Mr. Reis said in the beginning, that "honesty plays little part in American business."

I could have wished for examination of some still-reputable stock and bond issues. With few exceptions, the author deals only with securities which have already gone to hell. Some arrows pointing to the probabilities of fraud which rest within such very large stock and bond issues as are still respectable might have been of value to the obtuse investor who will be saying to himself, "Well, of course, all those securities were lousy—but the ones *I've* got are perfectly safe." The canny investor, however, will draw his own conclusions on the basis of the data in this book, and will approach any investment whatsoever with a much more wary eye than heretofore.

I could also have wished that Mr. Reis had produced a more popularly-written book. His style is excellent, but somewhat official. Had it been a little more simple and perhaps a little more sensational, the volume might have received a wider reading than it will. But investors should not be steered away from the book by its tendency toward over-technicalization. It is a "must" book for everyone who wants to put his money to work in the capitalist world.

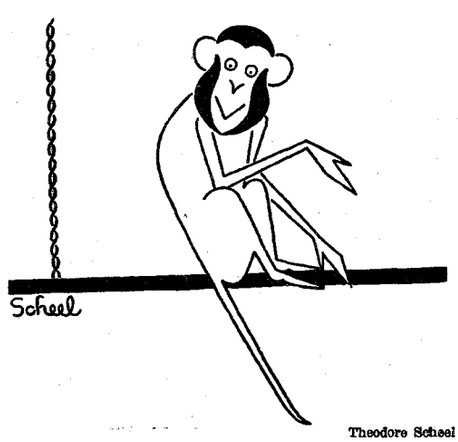
GROFF CONKLIN.

In Defense of Mrs. Stowe

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *by Catherine Gilbertson. D. Appleton-Century Co.* $3.50.

UNTIL within the last few years—let us say since Parrington, and now certainly since *The Flowering of New England*—the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe had ceased to mean anything but *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had ceased to mean anything but a fifth-rate road show parading down Main Street with a half-dozen moth-eaten great Danes (so much fiercer of aspect than genuine bloodhounds) straining not very savagely at the leash, a Little Eva in an ancient yellow wig, and a black-face comedian vulgarizing the role that had once personified the gloom of all slavery to the imagination of Europe and America. The book that Tolstoy had listed among his handful of masterpieces, and that Howells had called "perhaps our chief fiction," had been pleasantly blotted out in its vague identification with a tawdry play, and the woman who wrote it seemed likely to join the company of the men who wrote *Ten Nights in a Barroom* and *Way Down East.*

All this was the work of that subtle and stubborn propaganda of "reconciliation" that, beginning in the eighties and nineties, and ostensibly aimed at a brotherly "healing of the wounds" between North and South, had been actually aimed at suppressing all vivid memories of the Secession War and of the revolting exploitation that, at least subjectively and idealistically, had helped to bring it on. Those who took the trouble to read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for themselves discovered that, with all its primitivenesses of drawing and lighting, with all its unhealthy religiosity, the book was the work of a powerfully and passionately gifted creative spirit, untrained, undisciplined, unsophisticated: a lesser Dickens, a lesser Hugo, half-stifled by the close atmosphere of a ministerial domesticity, by all the inhibitions then clamped down upon the respectable "female," and by the sultry intellectual emanations of the evangelical weeklies; but breaking out, in spite of everything, in scenes, in characterization, in pictures, of a singular boldness, bitterness, and force. They also discovered, however, that the book had under-emphasized and even mollified the so often unbelievable realities with the cool foresight of intuitive artistic tact.



Theodore Scheel

A fresh and juster estimate of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is now at last possible—now that the actual bearing of Neo-Confederate agitation has become unmistakable, and the morals of the slave-trader are openly condoned among us—and besides, it is more and more frequently remembered that Harriet Beecher Stowe was the author not only of that book, but of *The Minister's Wooing, The Pearl of Orr's Island,* and *Oldtown Folks;* which is to say that she was virtually the first and remains one of the best of the American writers of fiction who have realized the rich interest, the homely charm, of our regional ways of living and thinking; the literary godmother of Sarah Orne Jewett, and through her of Willa Cather, and of who can say how many other men and women who have rendered, with an often more conscious art than hers, but seldom with greater essential truth, the doomed but tenacious habits and manners of old-fashioned "country people" in a world of distending cities. Like most of these writers, she wrote with a too nostalgic fondness of recollection, and with too little understanding of all the historic forces that were archaizing the life of Orr's Island and Oldtown, but until a similar task is performed with greater understanding, *her* performance ought not to be minimized.

"Mrs. Stowe was already depicting," says Mrs. Gilbertson, "the decay of the genteel tradition when that tradition was at its height, the shining ultimate in achievement for all middle-class Americans." The remark is characteristic of a critical biography written with exceptional understanding, with a great deal of spirit, and with a skilfully distributed emphasis. The moment was a happy one for the appearance of a book about Mrs. Stowe, and though she writes without all the rigor that would have come from a fuller sense of social history, Mrs. Gilbertson has done much to exorcise the great Danes and the dusty and wobbling cakes of stage ice.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Poetry, Radio, and Anti-Fascism

THE FALL OF THE CITY, *by Archibald MacLeish. Farrar & Rinehart.* 50c.

SOMEHOW, among the over-illuminated ugliness of radio programs, MacLeish managed to secure a half-hour for his verse-play. Specially written for radio and skillfully produced, its sincerity and surprising excitement reached many thousands of listeners. Its general intention, anti-fascist, could not have been misunderstood.

MacLeish, I think, put first emphasis on this clarity of intention; hence the plain words and open grammar of the poetry. He wished to emphasize the events themselves, outlining them with strong beats and beautiful inner rhymes, the drama of crowds assembled, shouting or growing silent. Thus the verse, sometimes, in its rush to go forward, turns vague or shallow. MacLeish perhaps thought also

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of censorship: a city falls without struggling before the brutal presence of a dictator. And for the same reason he may have set the action of the play in its indefinite Aztec time, with pyramids, drums, feathers, and maize leaves; and the submission of the city prophesied by the voice of a dead woman, a curious anthropological ghost.

If the play is meant therefore to be a parable, it is important to judge its truth. Many events are exact: the speeches of those who propose delay when the "conqueror . . . stands in your mountains . . . soon to descend on you!" The priests:

> Turn to your gods!
> The narrow dark will keep you.

and "the liberal learned minds":

> This conqueror unresisted
> Will conquer no longer: a posturer. . . .

and arms breed arms, for

> The future is a mirror where the past
> Marches to meet itself.

and weak citizens:

> The age is his! It's his century!

and the fascist himself, a clanking suit of empty armor, whose "helmet is hollow."

This is a frightening view of fascism, yet the truth is that the horrific armor is not filled with air, but with securities and stamped ingots of gold. The hollow loudspeaker mouth of Hitler is wired to the voices of the Ruhr industrialists. "The people," says MacLeish's announcer, "wish to be free of their freedom." MacLeish here has misread the pessimism of history. The people do not "invent their oppressors," any more than they have invented a mouthwash or Robert Taylor; they have been sold them by all the cruel and unusual devices which money can buy.

DAVID WOLFF.

Heart of Gold

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET, *by William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon from the columns of the Emporia Gazette. Farrar & Rinehart.* $3.

IN the summer of 1896, at the height of the super-charged Bryan-McKinley campaign, a young Kansas editor dashed off some blistering anti-Populist paragraphs a few minutes before leaving town for his vacation.

When William Allen White returned to Emporia, he found himself and the *Gazette,* which he had bought the year before, on the verge of fame. The editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" had become overnight, thanks to the distribution given it by Mark Hanna, one of the most celebrated in American journalism. Recognition would eventually have come to a publicist of White's talents, but this particular piece, which has a lot of sting in it even today, and stands as a prize exhibit of fatuous, insolent, Republican snobbism, insured success sooner rather than later.

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M-5

into nice people and rabble, Bill White was as priggish a young tory as could be found in a week's hunt. Everything Republican was decent, manly, and sturdily American. Everything else was revolutionary, foreign, and generated by "forces of failure." Bryan, Debs, and Altgeld were not fit for respectable men to mention by name, and the angry voices of debt-laden farmers and factory workers, threatening the complacency of the privileged classes, White and his fellow apologists called the whine of congenital malcontents.

But along about 1901 he appeared to embrace the one true faith, liberalism, and renounce his evil ways. Since then he has been regarded as one of our foremost broad minds, as a national political and moral force and the leading exponent of enlightened personal journalism. Partly responsible for this miraculous change was White's devotion to the personality and causes of Theodore Roosevelt: that most specious, imperishable, middle-class symbol of "practical" reform. His enduring loyalty to the colonel's conception of reform —anti-trust legislation, suspicion of old-guardism, the high-minded man of character in politics and all the rest—makes sharp the distinction between William Allen White and another outstanding latter-day journalist, Lincoln Steffens. Steffens was as idealistic, as optimistic, as much a hoper-for-the-best as White. But he came to see, as White never will, that reform is only patching a rotten inner tube that will blow out again in the next mile and that fundamental change in the entire social set-up, not "good" men in office, is the only solution.

In *Forty Years on Main Street,* a collection of *Gazette* editorials, with the author's comments in footnotes on past blunders, we hear what Mr. White fancies is the voice of the middle-western average man. But there are wider interests exhibited here, a bit more tolerance, more unabashed humor and sensibility than are usually found in the country's gazettes. The full flavor of a settled community's personalities and points of view as distilled through an urbane, right-thinking editor's mind is to be found here, and anyone who attempts to understand shop-keeping, church-going, small-town America would do well to ponder this varied selection.

That the Sage of Emporia is the most amazingly unstable and mixed-up liberal of them all is borne out by his whole-souled support of the war, his white-washing of Hoover, and his pleading, in the recent election, on behalf of a candidate named Alf Landon. But on the credit side there is his fight during 1921-4 against the powerful Kansas Ku-Klux, which he helped smash by running for governor in 1924 and splitting the vote. He has advocated, often in considerable advance of his time and place, such measures as workmen's compensation, abolition of child labor, state and national income taxes, old-age pensions, and recognition of the U.S.S.R. He has persistently urged American participation in the League of Nations and the World Court, and in innumerable cases has been in

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the front ranks in defense of civil liberties.

Mr. White yearns for brotherhood, kindness, and peace. "Humanity," he says, "lost everything in the Great War." And again, "War is an evil that teaches men to lie and steal and murder for no particular reason that can be assigned after the drums have ceased." The good life is always almost within reach and we can have it if only good men can prevail and the few bad ones be restrained. In 1933 he wrote of the N.R.A., ". . . she has a heart of gold and good intentions." Such a heart, such intentions are William Allen White's.

DINSMORE WHEELER.

Pageantry

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND, *by André Maurois. Harper & Bros.* $3.75.

IN Great Britain, M. Maurois's book is called *A History of England.* Only on this side of the Atlantic, apparently, is England regarded as miraculous. Here, where we have been prepared by Hollywood, with its *Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Mutiny on the Bounty,* and *Lloyd's of London,* and by a pre-coronation press campaign that makes our great democratic newspapers appear more monarchist than T. S. Eliot, it naturally does seem as if God has taken a pretty personal interest in England, and the publishers chose the title accordingly.

It must be said at once that M. Maurois is considerably less lush than Hollywood or the New York *Sun.* Indeed, he sometimes seems to take no more than a proprietary pride in England; the country is, after all, his "field," and he must make the best of it. A much greater Frenchman, H. A. Taine, writing after the debacle of Sedan, was bewildered: Frenchmen were certainly more intelligent and more sensitive than Englishmen, but far less successful as a nation. In a mood of self-abasement, M. Taine paid lavish tribute to these amazing islanders. M. Maurois remains cooler. He gives the British full credit, to say the least, for their achievements, but "miracle" is a figure of speech.

For the rest, *The Miracle of England* is perfectly straightforward and commonplace historical writing, admirably lucid but otherwise no improvement on a number of its predecessors. One finds the usual pageant of kings and queens, prime ministers and generals, with the usual vague allusions to racial genius, and the usual unsatisfactory references to economic developments. M. Maurois, to take just one example, asks why England escaped a revolution in the early nineteenth century. Because of "the power of opinion," he answers, "which through the press, the jury system, and the workers' associations, imposed the necessary reforms on an oligarchic Parliament," because of "the lofty liberalism of the Whigs," and because of "the currents of evangelism, which made for a gentler morality and diverted men's passions into other courses." He has already shown how closely the Whig oligarchy was bound up with commerce and manufacture, but he apparently cannot connect this fact with the peaceful adoption of the first reform bill. He cannot see that "the lofty liberalism of the Whigs" was almost pure self-interest, that evangelical morality was middle-class morality, or that what checked the revolutionary movement in England was not the unsatisfactory compromise of the first reform bill, but the higher wages made possible by England's industrial priority.

Such blindness as this, though common enough, is perhaps more dangerous than the Anglophilia of Hollywood. It leads so astute a person as M. Maurois, for example, to assume that the rise of British capitalism has been uniquely free from bloodshed and that there must therefore be something unique about the British character. He mentions, but does not understand, the internecine wars that killed off the Norman aristocracy, the sufferings that resulted from the inclosures, the Protestant and Catholic martyrdoms of the sixteenth century, and the Puritan civil war. He never seems to consider how much of the bloodshed that attended the growth of British capitalism took place overseas, in the colonies, and he regards the agonies of the early decades of industrialism as a kind of accident, quite without revolutionary significance.

All this has to be said because, if one depends, as M. Maurois does, on "the kindly, disciplined, trusting, and tenacious character" of the British ruling class, one is likely, almost any morning now, to wake up with a headache. The ruling class in England is no worse than the ruling class in any other country, but perhaps it is shrewder, and certain it is luckier, especially in its apologists.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Brief Reviews

MEN OF MATHEMATICS, *by E. T. Bell. Simon & Schuster.* $5.

Dr. Eric Temple Bell, a distinguished American mathematician with a rare gift for humanizing (and debunking) the "queen of the sciences," in this handsome and enlivening volume makes his first appearance before the larger public his writings have so long deserved. His theme is "the lives and achievements of the great mathematicians from Zeno to Poincaré," especially as they bear upon the amazingly fertile developments of mathematics from the time of Descartes to the present. His method, strictly biographical, allows him to place against the background of their times the forty-odd immortals whose so diverse temperaments and intellects contributed, each in its own decisive way, to the forging of that tremendous instrument of whose far-reaching social importance Lancelot Hogben has so brilliantly written in a volume already become a classic, *Mathematics for the Million.* Dr. Bell, who has scant patience with the current fashion (so dear to Jeans and Eddington, as it was to Pythagoras and Leibnitz, of "smuggling God into Number and deducing heaven from the mathematical Infinite," unfolds a story of absorbing interest: a story whose plot is the search for ever more "general" truths concerning the ways of the material world and whose heroes are some of the greatest intellectual benefactors of man and his own creation, society.

Unfortunately, the interpretation of his material is lacking in the depth and coherence which only the dialectical approach, so well illustrated in Hogben's volume, is capable of supplying; the socially con-

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scious reader often wishes that there were more of the drama of human struggle in his lively pages. And when, in a discussion of professional jealousies, we find so alert a mind as Dr. Bell's permitting himself to remark on "the aggressive clannishness of the Jews," whereas "Gentiles either laugh these hatreds off or go after them in an efficient, underhand way," one wonders what has become of his earlier and extreme dislike of that "racial fanaticism" which has always so "complicated the task of anyone who may attempt to give an unbiased account of the lives and works of scientific men outside his own race or nation."

J. S.

A SONGCATCHER IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, *by Dorothy Scarborough. Columbia University Press.* $4.50.

Aided by a grant from the Columbia University Council for Research in the Humanities, the late Dorothy Scarborough spent the summer of 1930 collecting folk songs in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia. This volume is a popular presentation, in a splendid format, of the traditional ballads and folk songs which she found there, but the fact that the tunes have been placed in an appendix is a relic of the outworn conventions of literary scholarship which ignored the integral relation between the text and tune in folk song. The songs in the book have been noted down from dictaphone records made in the field, a method which makes for admirable accuracy. H. H.

ROOSEVELT TO ROOSEVELT, *by Dwight Lowell Dumond. Henry Holt.* $4.

While the title of this work might imply to an eager reader some variety of presidential soliloquy, the book is in fact an attempted history of the U.S., covering the span from Theodore to Franklin. As historical writing it is broad and shallow, a painstaking collection of historical data covering three decades, put together in a theoretical frame not much stronger than that of the *Literary Digest.* The author in his preface speaks of precluding "the possibility of a uniform pattern of thought—a result greatly to be desired." In achieving this questionable goal, Professor Dumond has been singularly successful. The reader certainly will not be bothered with theory. As a factual reference work the book may be useful. It has a mildly liberal tone in so far as there is any tone at all. A. T. C.

★

Recently Recommended Books

Towards the Christian Revolution, edited by R. B. Y. Scott and Gregory Vlastos. Willett, Clark. $2.

Noon Wine, by Katherine Anne Porter. Schuman's. $5.

Living China: Modern Chinese Short Stories. Compiled and edited by Edgar Snow. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

Predecessors of Adam Smith, by E. A. J. Johnson. Prentice-Hall. $3.50.

In the American Jungle, by Waldo Frank. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

The New Soviet Constitution, by Anna Louise Strong. $1.50.

Bonaparte, by Eugene Tarlé. Knight. $4.50.

The Tragic Fallacy: A Study of America's War Policies, by Maurice A. Hallgren. Knopf. $4.

The Cock's Funeral, by Ben Field, with an introduction by Erskine Caldwell. International. $1.25.

Mortgage Your Heart, by Sophus Keith Winther. Macmillan. $2.50.

Mathematics for the Million, by Lancelot Hogben. Illustrations by J. F. Horrabin. Norton. $3.75.

Rainbow Fish, by Ralph Bates. Dutton. $2.

Spain in Arms, 1937, by Anna Louise Strong. Holt. $1; paper 25c.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Rock pictures from the dawn of history—The sit-down and the dance—Some new plays

IN pre-war Europe, the name Frobenius conjured up African jungles and tribes, strange rituals and antediluvian wonders. The exhibition of prehistoric rock pictures at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City presents for the first time in the United States some results of the twelve expeditions of the German inner-African research expeditions led by Frobenius in the years between 1904 and 1935. On June 2 the exhibition closes in New York to begin a tour of other American cities.

The facsimiles and photographs have been sent from the Institute of Morphology of Civilization at Frankfurt am Main, which possesses over 3500 items. These painted and engraved rock pictures, dating from 500 to 20,000 B.C., and found scattered over Europe and Africa, reveal that primitive man was a master at painting animal life and that in this field he created works of art on such a high level that they have scarcely been duplicated in subsequent painting.

In 1895, European scholars were startled out of their complacent notion that all of history had been but an evolutionary preparation for their coming. French pioneers in the study of prehistoric man had discovered the wonderful, monumental animal frescoes in the Altamira caves in Spain. Prevalent theory held that this great art of the ice age had died out at the end of the glacial period; certainly stone-age art revealed no trace of it. Leo Frobenius, a young student of anthropology, refused to believe that such highly developed art could perish without leaving a trace. He recalled that Spain had once been a part of Africa, fertilized by rains from the melting glaciers. Perhaps men of the ice age had migrated there and remains of their culture might still be unearthed. Certainly African bushmen still painted crude pictures on rocks. This idea was the beginning of a series of important discoveries.

Today, thanks to them, we know how the man of the ice age lived, sheltered in caves, wandering over southern Europe and northern Africa, following the trail of bison, bear, elk, wild horse, mammoth, and reindeer, kept from penetrating north by a glittering wall of glaciers. Caves closed since the dawn of mankind have opened to reveal his footprints, his ocher-daubed hands on the walls, his flint palette knife stuck fast in the rock beside his frescoes, the color of earth mixed with animal fats. From over 550 sites, relics of the ice age have been exhumed, and in 187 of them were found paintings and sculptures.

The discovery of man's prehistoric past coincided with the imperialist expansion in the late nineteenth century and the beginning of this century. While the nations of Europe were engaged in a mad stampede for new markets in the pre-industrial regions of the world, the same expansionist thrust in science was enlarging the physical boundaries of the universe and exploring ever further back into the past of man. The work of Frobenius is closely linked with the German imperialist drive in Africa. Nor were these discoveries without effect on Europe itself. Peoples of Africa and of Asia, subjected to economic slavery and exploitation, had a certain revenge. Their old tribal gods and savage rhythmic dances, their exotic handicrafts and magic arts, their dark polished sculpture were making a triumphal conquest of Europe and of its arts. Just as a drowning man in the last instant of consciousness reviews his past from his earliest childhood, so capitalist man was surveying the history of man from its earliest dawn.

How strong an influence these master artists from the dawn of mankind have exerted on European art is brought to attention by the museum's inclusion of modern painters in the present exhibition. Here Miro, Klee, Masson, Arp, Lebedev, and Larionov demonstrate their affinities with the oldest painting in the world. Despite the fact that newly discovered rock paintings from Libya might be mistaken for surrealist abstractions, the resemblance is superficial. Primitive painting had a magic significance and above all a practical function. The abstract surrealists must be related to the social background from which they stem.

Bourgeois science has given us the relics of the ice age, but it has not divulged their meaning. It has not explained how two totally diverse cultures existed contemporaneously in the ice age. In the caves of France and Spain, we find single portraits of animals, their muscular tension rendered by means of light and dark—impressionistically. This so-called Franco-Cantabrian art found with spears and darts is totally different from that of the Levant style, discovered on bowlders and rocks in the open. This latter art, rendered in monochrome, is concerned with man in active movement. The hunting weapon is always the bow and arrow. Late Levant style develops into the formal and geometric art of the late stone age; its fluid motion becomes static. Such a change must mean transition to another type of society. But only further Marxist study of early human relationships will unlock the mystery of these stylistic changes.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

Museum of Modern Art

Two schools of prehistoric rock painting. Top: a stag hunt in the Levant style. Bottom: a bison in the Franco-Cantabrian method.

THE DANCE

WHEN Charles Weidman asked the audience at the Nora Bayes theater in New York to sit down with the dancers to protest the threatened cuts in the W.P.A., he was demonstrating finally and irrevocably the tie-up between the artist and the people, and the dependence of the life of an art on the economic set-up. And the audience, consciously recognizing the situation, sensed its relationship to the cultural scene, saw realistically that the business of art was not simply the affair of the artist but of its audience as well. It sat down!

Moreover, it was the mass protest of thousands in such audiences that killed the Dunnigan censorship bill in Albany. It will be mass protest which will keep the Federal theaters alive—not only because the Federal theaters are giving the people what they want, but also because the people have recognized the W.P.A. as the logical and only real support that the American artist can expect, and must expect to keep him and his art alive in an economic set-up which isn't otherwise very much interested in his development or even in his maintenance.

It is worth noting that it was Charles Weidman who called for the sit-down. Weidman started his dance career with the distinctly backward, if not reactionary Denishawn School, wandered off into mystic abstractions, and has only recently developed choreography of social import. Weidman has been an accepted leader in the modern dance movement He speaks for a large section of both audience and dancers. When he asked the people at the Nora Bayes to sit down, it was the whole dance movement from Graham, Humphrey, Tamiris, down to the least member of the least dance group, asking the whole dance world to sit down with them.

And this is completely in line with the whole development of the dance movement which climaxed its activities of the season by

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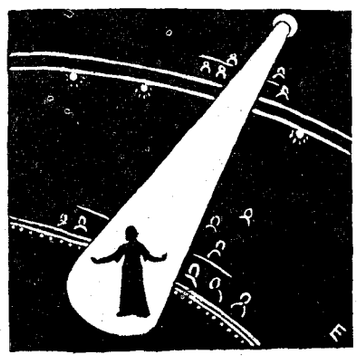
meeting in convention, May 14, 15, 16. The occasion was the organizing of the American Dance Association (the amalgamation of the New Dance League, Dancers' Association, Dance Guild, and their affiliates). Seven hundred delegates came from New York, California, Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois; from Canada, Panama, Denmark, and the U.S.S.R. Hallie Flanagan, director of the W.P.A. theaters, was represented, as was the W.P.A.'s Postley Sinclair and the Theater Guild's John Gassner. It was a united front of dancers and audience that came together to discuss their problems and discovered that principally it was an economic one.

Dancers can't very well live on the ten dollars they're generally paid per concert; and if a dancer isn't working in a government project, that's all he can get—and the concerts don't come too often during a season. Nor are the leading professional dancers in a much better position. Two or three, at most, get a fairly decent income out of their work; and then it's mostly teaching that brings in the necessary rents. And if a dancer wants to find her audience outside of New York, Frances Hawkins, who manages Martha Graham and the Ballet Caravan among others, will tell you that the dancer has pretty nearly all she can do to get the railroad fares paid. Not that people outside of New York don't want to see dancers; on the contrary. This picture doesn't compare very favorably with the story told at the convention by Sylvia Chen and Pauline Koner of the facilities for work and the economic security of artists in the Soviet Union.

The upshot of the matter is that dance isn't going to exist as a private industry, and the dancer knows it. And he's a bit tired of making ends meet by posing for artists who can't pay their own rents, by teaching, or working behind counters. This was the sentiment at the convention. A dancer is entitled to be allowed to make a living at his own kind of work, dancing, and he intends to do something about it.

And so they sat down at the Nora Bayes. Hallie Flanagan was so impressed with Tamiris's *How Long Brethren?* and Charles Weidman's *Candide* (S.R.O. productions reviewed last week) that she opened the project to twenty-five more dancers. But the dancers know Washington isn't handing out jobs on a silver platter. There's too much reactionary pressure. The cuts haven't come yet, and the



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dancers don't want them to come. They sat down, which was their way of telling the authorities how they felt about things. That's the way working people generally have come to say what they feel about working conditions, wages, lay-offs. The dancers know the allies of the arts as well as their enemies.

The proof was in the pudding. The audience sat down. There was singing, there was dancing. Outside, a thousand people had massed to picket. Inside and outside, artist and people—here was solidarity.

OWEN BURKE.

THE THEATER

IF you heard a scream of agony one evening last week, it was probably the NEW MASSES play reviewer splitting a gut laughing at *Room Service,* a very funny play about nothing much. The fact that it was about nothing much may have accounted for the fact that my laughter, even in its most acute spasms, seemed to sound a tiny trifle hollow, but the fact remains that it is a very funny play—funnier, it appears at this distance, than either *Three Men on a Horse* or *Boy Meets Girl,* both of which were directed by Old Maestro George Abbott, who is producer-director of *Room Service.* Playwrights John Murray and Allen Boretz, who wrote the new laugh hit, are probably at this moment using the amazing financial ingenuity with which they have endowed their chief character to figure out ways of beating the huge income tax which the run of this play, plus Hollywood gold, is sure to bring them.

The play is a lot of nonsense about a penniless Broadway showman and how, without a dime, he promotes the production of a swell script upon which he has an option. The title derives from the fact that he and his whole company are parked in a Broadway hotel of which his brother-in-law is the frantic manager, and in which the producer and his company cannot remain without paying and from which, in accordance with hotel usage, they cannot move without losing their shirts and overshoes—to say nothing of the option on the play. Crisis after appalling crisis looms and seems sure to overwhelm them, but one piece of jugglery after another, each more hair-raising than the last, finally pulls them through. It is a relentless barrage of nerve-wracking, delicious hokum.

Of course a play of this sort depends very largely upon direction and acting. And director Abbott has made sure of a successful combination by choosing a swell cast, many of them his old standbys. Chief honors must go to the peerless Sam Levene, who was the screwball idea man in both the stage and screen versions of *Three Men on a Horse.* Mr. Abottt snatched Eddie Albert from his role of the dazed cadet in *Brother Rat* to play the dazed playwright in *Room Service,* and rounded out his troublesome foursome with Philip Loeb and Teddy Hart. If you're one of those who must buy a slice of theater nonsense despite a fattish price, this is your dish.

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cans who never saw *Abie's Irish Rose* (except for a lantern-slide lecture on it, apropos religious toleration, at a church in Brattleboro, Vt., some years back, which confused everyone quite a bit since the slides had been made from assorted productions of the show, with the characters, as a consequence, changing physiognomy and makeup with bewildering frequency), I was all eyes and ears at the revival. Well, it is a play infused with a good bit of human warmth and real humor (albeit a small quantum of the humor, especially that at the expense of the Jews, is based on falsehood rather than on reality), and its general effect must be regarded as on the plus side since it argues that conditions of life unify rather than divide the common people. Yes, it is obvious and its mechanism creaks, especially in the last act; its long life must be credited to the fact that it is based on broad and genuine human values.

Sea Legs is a musical comedy of traditional mold which seems likely to get by on an average score, average hoofing and singing, and average humor. That it will get by despite the lack of anything distinguished in any department will be largely a result of the pleasing performance of Dorothy Stone and of the pretty good comedy of that stuttering wonder, Roscoe Ates. The story is all about a jinx cat aboard a private yacht, which fact contributes nothing much except to give the director a chance to dress up the chorus in bathing suits. Incidentally, those of you girls who like to oh and ah over the female form divine may get your money's worth by going to *Sea Legs* and giving Patricia Knight the once-over.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

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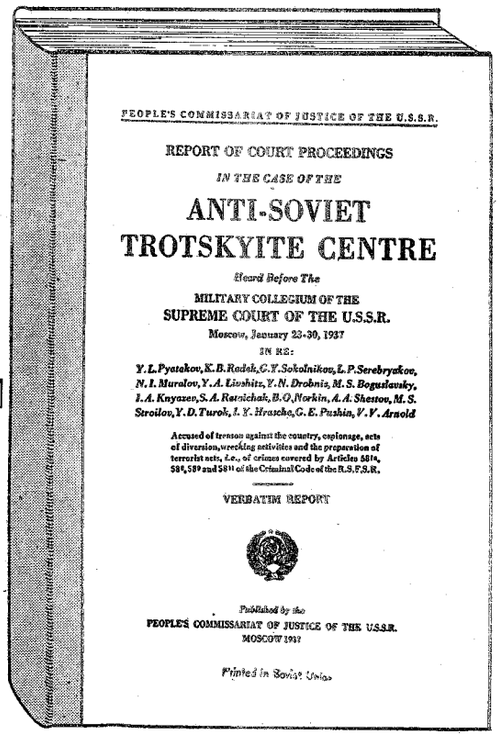
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of diversion, wrecking activities and the preparation of
terrorist acts, i.e., of crimes covered by Articles 58¹a,
58⁸, 58⁹ and 58¹¹ of the Criminal Code of the R.S.F.S.R.
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MOSCOW 1937
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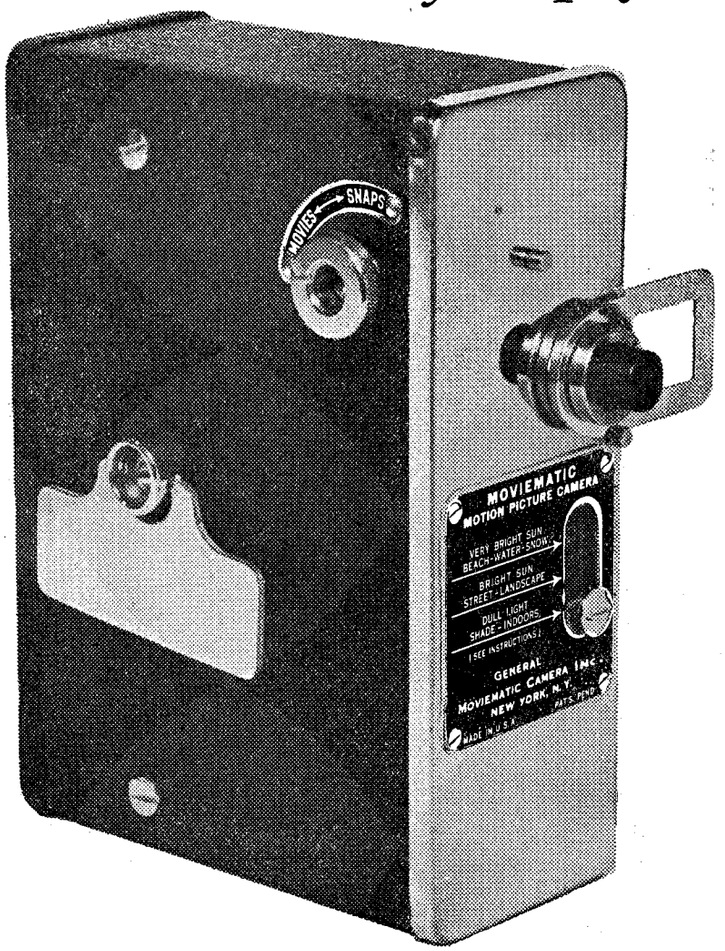

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